

OF WASHING

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF CLINTON, JULY 13TH.—RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND AT THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. O. S. WILLIAMS.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 375.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

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THE NATION'S TEACHERS.

THE "schoolmaster" has descended upon Chicago, in national convention, 8,000 strong. It is not the Yorkshire "skulemeister" of Do-the-boys Hall, concerning whom young Nicholas Nickleby was congratulated by his yeoman friend so heartily: "Wot! D'ye larrup the skulemeister? Gie'us yer hond, my boy—gie'us yer hond!" It little resembles Goldsmith's schoolmaster, whose

"Words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amused the gaping rustics gathered round,"

until

"The wonder was, and still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew."

Nor is it the harmless pedagogue of Sleepy Hollow so graphically described by Geoffrey Crayon. It is a schoolmaster for whom American Art has yet done little either with brush or pen, and who is the product rather of American economy and popular science.

There is not much that is artistic or poetic in the thousands of schoolhouses that dot as many cross-roads throughout the Union. There is generally no woodbine clinging to the eaves nor honeysuckle climbing towards the windows of these little edifices. They are as bare of ornament as a brickyard and as unsentimental as a lime-kiln. And who are the young men and young women who teach in them? Nearly all the men and women who have succeeded in an American career have begun by teaching school. This may not be the rule in the future, but it has been the rule during the first three-quarters of the century. If a directory were made of the prominent Americans who have at some time taught school, it would probably include a far greater number than would a like compilation of the successful men and women who have been taught in the higher schools or colleges.

Teaching school has been the life occupation of very few persons, and perhaps should be of none, since its ordinary compensation is so small that the public as a rule may be said to drive a very hard bargain with their educators, exacting much and giving little. Schoolteaching has been the convenient stepping-stone, for the young and enterprising, between the home and the world—the transient perch between the parent nest and the permanent career. It has had, therefore, the best thought of the most vital and hopeful period of the lives of those engaged in it—not the most matured, but the most genial, rich and fruitful period.

And how has American schoolteaching expanded as a profession under this rapid accession of newly oxygenated and freshly inspired blood! What a clumsy affair was the school of fifty years ago! How many of its arts and scenes would to-day seem incredible or comical, but then were ordinary and indeed inevitable! The regularity of the contest, with which every new teacher entered upon his work, to determine whether he could whip his four or five strongest boys, or whether one or more of them should whip him. The careful scrutiny which watched whether the teacher was inclined to "spoon" on any of the older girls subjected to his tuition. The meagre and nearly stupid quality of many of the textbooks then in use, especially including the absence of all instruction in art or science, and the perpetually hopeless "tussle" with that arch metaphysical fiend and strictly American invention, known as English grammar—which is little more than a determined effort to find in the English language the system of conjugations and declensions which belongs to the Latin and Greek, albeit no such system is possible to the English tongue. Not a blackboard, chart or map of any kind adorned the walls of the schoolroom. History was learned by rote, by committing to memory long and intertangled sentences and chapters, which cost such effort that even now they often recur to those into whose memories they were then burned and blistered. The rudimentary principles of geology, physiology or astronomy were as far away from the scheme of study as if they did not relate to human thought or welfare. The "three R's" held exclusive sway, and the teacher who first proposed in a public school to introduce singing, marching, declamations, exercises in English composition, drawing, object lessons, or who would talk to his pupils about the simpler facts connected with the structure of plants or the origin of strata or the principles of mechanics, was a revolutionist. Every school was adjusted for the time to the despotic eccentricities of its teacher. In one the discipline was physical and stalwart. By two o'clock in the afternoon the birch or cedar or hickory rod would make its appearance, and the remainder of the day would be a circus, in which thought or study was rendered impossible by the vivid scene of flagellation which crowded out the lesson from every page and persistently held its place in every memory. In other schools a pillory of verbal scolding and abuse and nicknames took the place of the rod as a means of discipline, proving perhaps even more wearing on the teacher and less effective with the pupil. Altogether, teaching school was in many localities more

an athletic exercise and manual labor than an intellectual or skilled occupation.

The criticism which applies with most force to our existing school system is that it lays out one plan, type or pattern of "education" for all, and insists on all pupils taking this one commodity. To whatever extent "grades" are established, this is inevitable. But nothing connected with our school system is capable of becoming rigid, as against the spirit of experiment and innovation. If the public will call for an education of the young into all forms of manual training and artistic processes, as being more instructive than book-study, then our schools will adopt manual training and artistic processes. Possibly there may be a germ of truth in the Squeers idea that next to spelling Onions the most positive way of comprehending what onions really are is to "go out in the garden and weed 'em." At least a growing feeling is arising throughout the country that it is not so important to have every youth learn the rudiments of everything as it is to impart to a very considerable class of our youth some kind of information which will be specially serviceable to them.

On all these questions the National Convention at Chicago may be expected to express with emphasis the views of the teachers as a class, and not merely the views of the teachers of public, rural or graded schools, but of the normal schools and colleges as well, leading representatives of which are included among the lecturers and essayists of the occasion.

FALSE SYMPATHY WITH CRIMINALS.

THE sentimentalists who have been endeavoring to arouse sympathy with Jacob Sharp and obtain a mitigation of his sentence cannot have understood the folly, and even the dangerous tendency, of their course. His crime was a blow at good government. Such bribery as he practiced imperils the very foundations of republican institutions. His wrongdoing was not hasty nor accidental, but premeditated and deliberate. With the same care he endeavored to conceal all traces of his crime, used money lavishly to protect himself at every point, employed eminent counsel, and made one of the most stubborn fights ever seen in a New York court. He could have escaped punishment by confession and by turning State's evidence, but he trusted to his wealth and power for immunity. As one barrier after another which this hardened bribe-giver had erected was battered down, we heard more and more about his miserable condition. But his health allowed him to plan and carry out a great villainy, and to defy outraged Justice to the last, and it will allow him to bear his punishment.

A few of the jurors who sat on the trial of his case were foolish enough to sign a petition asking that his punishment be limited to a fine. In other words, they asked that a man should buy for \$5,000 the privilege of stealing perhaps a million, to say nothing of the defiance of law. No wonder that Judge Barrett remarked sarcastically of one juror that the request did as much credit to his heart as his verdict did to his head. As to Sharp's condition, the sensible view of District Attorney Martine, that if the criminal were not in jail he would be playing poker at the Blossom Club, is in refreshing contrast to the maunderings of soft-headed sentimentalists. Mr. Martine is right in adding that it is more pitiful to see a young man sent to a felon's cell for the first time than a hardened old sinner who has been courting imprisonment all his life. As Judge Barrett pointed out, a mere fine for so wealthy a criminal after that hard-fought seven weeks' trial would have been the most farcical of mockeries—an insult to law, justice and the people. Fortunately there was no danger of this at Judge Barrett's hands. But the Sharp case has been typical of a most deplorable tendency, and it is time that the lunacy and worse of these attempts to gain sympathy for convicted criminals should be clearly understood.

Another case in which this sickening and sentimental gush has been manifested, is that of the Italian murderess Cignarale. This woman deliberately murdered her husband because he was in the way of her *liaison* with a paramour. She was ably defended and fairly tried. She was clearly proved guilty of a peculiarly cold-blooded and brutal murder. What more is there to be said? It may be desirable that a law should be passed forbidding the execution of women. But so long as the law insists that they as well as men shall pay the extreme penalty, there is certainly no reason for the escape of this murderess. Her mental sufferings are undoubtedly great, but will any sane person say that they are not deserved? Is every one who suffers at the approach of justice to be left free to steal, and bribe, and assassinate?

THE NEW WAY WITH THE INDIANS.

THERE was never an old abuse that had not its apologists and defenders, and never a reform, however just and beneficent, that had not to make its way in the face of obstacles created by human selfishness and greed. We need not be surprised, therefore, that the effort to settle the Indian problem by breaking up the reservation system and the tribal relations out of which it grew, and granting to the Indian the rights and privileges of civilization and citizenship, should encounter the inveterate hostility of men whose pecuniary interests depend upon

maintaining the abuses which have been fostered by "a century of dishonor."

There is no inconsiderable number of persons who have been living for years by cheating the Indians on the one hand and the Government upon the other, and who are now scampering about like rats disturbed in their retreats. Having grown fat upon "pickings and stealings," they have the impudence to pose now as the best friends of the Indians, and to plead that the "Land-in-Severalty Bill," lately enacted, is in derogation of his sacred rights. Allying themselves with the most ignorant and unscrupulous Indians, whose despotic rule among the various tribes is threatened and disturbed by the reform, they are making desperate efforts to resist the new measures of the Government. They have in Washington an organization known as the "Indian Defense Association," whose officers and supporters will leave no stone unturned in their efforts to maintain the reservation system and keep the Indian in his barbarous and dependent condition.

It would indeed be singular if the very law which for the first time gives the Indian a standing in court, and opens for him a free path to civilization and citizenship, should, as these persons claim it will, be cast aside upon constitutional grounds; and we venture to believe that the danger of such a result is wholly imaginary. The whole ground was carefully considered in the Senate by men whose judgment is not likely to be reversed by judicial authority. Of course some difficulties and obstacles will be encountered, but we feel sure that the new plan will prove a solvent of the whole Indian problem, and that the opening of the twentieth century will find every living Indian a citizen of the United States, and contented in that relation. To keep him longer a barbarian, roaming over lands which he does not cultivate and that are needed for the uses of civilization, would be a stupendous folly. The men who have enriched themselves under this old system may as well submit to their fate with such grace as they can command.

POLITICAL STRAWS.

STRAWS show the direction of the wind on which they float, and if the wind did not sometimes change its course, they would be much more valuable as weather indicators than they are now. The political atmosphere in this country, to-day, is full of one kind of straws, and they are all going in the same direction. No future event could be more certain than that Mr. Blaine, whether he wishes it or not, will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency next year, unless there is a radical change in popular sentiment in the party before the National Convention meets. It did not require the letters of more than 21,000 of the readers of the *Toledo Blade* to show this—it has been in the air for months.

And yet, the figures of the *Blade* are interesting and instructive. The letters it received were in a sense voluntary. Its readers were invited to communicate their preferences, but no blanks were sent out, and each correspondent paid his own postage. The receipt of as many as 21,000 letters, therefore, proves the existence of a remarkably lively interest in the coming national election, as well as a pronounced preference as to candidates. The *Blade* asked for first and second choice of its readers for the next Republican candidate for the Presidency, and their choice for the Vice-presidency. Of the 21,390 correspondents who answered, 11,010, more than one-half, named Mr. Blaine, 6,684 Senator Sherman, and 2,237 Mr. Lincoln. The others who received votes were Allison, Edmunds, Ingalls, Harrison, Ingalls, General Sherman, Evans, Hawley, Depew and Foraker, neither one of whom was named by 1,000 correspondents. Senator Sherman was the second choice of 7,633 correspondents, Blaine of 3,473 and Lincoln of 2,237. Lincoln is the favorite Vice-presidential candidate of 7,396 correspondents, Depew of 1,256, and Harrison of 1,114. A large number of other candidates were named, no one of whom received 1,000 votes. Blaine is the first choice for the Presidency of the Republicans of every State in the Union except Rhode Island.

Now, these are pretty able-bodied straws, and they are floating with a force and momentum that make it very improbable that they will be turned from their course by any counter-breeze. Many Republicans may think that it would be wiser to nominate some other candidate, but the will of the majority is law in that party; Mr. Blaine is the foremost man among its great leaders, and as the case now stands, his nomination, for good or ill, seems to be inevitable.

A POSSIBLE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

IT would seem as if the period of Ireland's exemption from trouble were never to arrive. The announcement that "one woe is past" only heralds the near approach of others, each more bitter than its predecessor. The intelligence now reaches us that the approaching harvest, which should be fit for the ingathering towards the close of the current month, is almost certain to be a failure.

As a rule, and to this we believe no exception has been recorded, the failure of the crops in Ireland, and the inevitable famine which follows, has ever been the direct result of seasons continuously wet. To the wellnigh invariable humidity of the climate must be attributed Ireland's characteristic productiveness, as well as that rich green tint, so fascinating to the eyes of strangers, which at certain seasons imparts alike to the wild hillside and to the cultivated plain the brilliant hue of the emerald. But when, as is occasionally the case, a wet and perishing March is succeeded by an equally inclement and humid April and May, followed by a sunless Summer and an unripening Autumn, the blessing develops into a curse, and the entire country is turned into a dismal swamp, the waters of which often find it difficult to make their way speedily to the sea.

The present season, however, seems to have been the very reverse of all this, and for the first time for a very considerable period the crops—one and all—are reported to be nearly destroyed from protracted drought. The Spring months in Ireland were extremely harsh and cold, and as a consequence the planting and seed-sowing were poorly done. Towards the end of April came a change. Summer set in vehemently as well as prematurely, and wanting the necessary rain, the crops were forced into unnatural growth. The heat during the entire month of June was wellnigh tropical, the thermometer frequently recording 91° in the shade, and 128° in the full blaze of the sun. Such a high temperature has

very rarely been recorded in either England or Ireland. Still no rain came, and the very dews ceased to fall. As a natural result, the earth was baked as if in an oven, and the growth of grass, green crops and cereals at this early period was completely suspended. Wheat is the only crop which could possibly stand such dry and scorching weather, but wheat is no longer sown in Ireland. The oat and barley crops are described as presenting a completely blighted appearance, the straw being about five inches in length, surmounted by a head miserably small and shriveled. The potato crop, with the exception of what is planted in marshy or boggy soils, is not expected to produce more than half an average yield; while the green crops, after being thrice sown, have been pronounced utter failures. Naturally the hay crop will be the greatest sufferer, and it is scarcely possible that more than one-third of the average ingathering can be expected.

The reliable source from which we derive our information also states that the wells throughout the country have become dry, that the rivulets have ceased to run, and that, as a consequence, large numbers of cattle have perished, and are perishing, from mere exhaustion. The intensity of the drought may be imagined from the fact that at Limerick, the bed of the Shannon, the largest river in the British Isles, which takes its rise in the extreme north and receives the drainage of over two-thirds of the Irish counties, may be crossed almost dryshod. Anticipating a scarcity of fodder for the coming Winter, the graziers and dairymen have been for some time past driving their stock to the several fairs, with the intention of disposing of them at whatever they would fetch. The fairs are thus glutted with stock of all kinds, and there are no buyers except for "finished" animals. Unless an almost miraculous change takes place, and that immediately, no more awful forecast of coming events has been presented since the terrible period—now exactly forty years ago—when the land was smitten throughout its entire borders as if by the sword of the avenging angel.

Doubtless the failure of the harvest in Ireland this year will produce fresh complications, social and political. Had there been an exceptionally good ingathering, instead of an exceptionally bad one, it is more than possible political asperities might have softened down and open wounds might have healed. The railway receipts throughout the country, a fair index to a nation's material prosperity, have been for some time past steadily improving. It would not have been too much to hope that the worst had passed, and that a brighter era was about being inaugurated. With the present outlook, however, it would be indeed difficult to anticipate exemption from serious disasters.

THE CASE OF DR. MCGLYNN.

NOW that the excommunication which Dr. McGlynn provoked has really come upon him, the public interest in his position must certainly diminish. Only one thing could still make him a figure of some importance, and that would be the revelation of some principle which he has vindicated, or sought to vindicate, by his contumacy. Is there any such principle? Those who read his criticisms of the Pope seek, but seek in vain, for a statement that claims the assent and the respectful sympathy of an intelligent man. There is a great deal of passionate rhetoric about a far-away Italian despotism that meddles with the rights of American freemen; but what has this to do with the facts in the case, now so well known throughout the country? Dr. McGlynn was a priest bound by solemn vows to obey the teachings of the Church. He chose, for reasons best known to himself, to disobey this teaching again and again, ostentatiously and publicly. He was warned and reproved, and, at last, excommunicated, not as an American, but as a rebellious priest. This is the whole story, and all the ingenuity in the world can make no more of it than this. The only serious question in the matter was, from the beginning, whether a priest—Dr. McGlynn, or any other—could be in the Church and out of it at one and the same time; and to state such a question is to answer it.

A good many persons, addicted to the use of big words are fond of assuring Dr. McGlynn that he is a martyr. If he be, what is his testimony? Simply this: that a man may disregard the most sacred obligations whenever they stand in the way of his caprice, and still hold his official and representative relation. Every man is free to do this, if he will; but there his freedom ceases. He is not left to choose, he has to abide the consequences; and these are, for Mr. McGlynn, the forfeiture of his priestly calling and a new beginning in a hard field.

BOULANGER.

ON the 8th of July, General Boulanger left Paris for his command at Clermont-Ferrand, 250 miles to the S.E. His departure was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration, so decided and so general that the train was delayed for more than an hour, and it was only by an ingenious artifice that the hero of the day was smuggled into an extra carriage and sent on his journey. There was great anxiety until he was fairly gone, for the temper of the people was unmistakable, and a trifling incident might have brought on a commotion that would have shaken the Government, which has now at least a short respite.

If any doubt remained as to the popularity of the late War Minister, this recent demonstration has done away with it; and there are two sufficient reasons for the strength of his hold on the nation. He has displayed such activity and such ability in reorganizing the military force, that the national confidence and self-reliance have been restored to almost their normal high pitch. This is, of itself, an inestimable service; and in addition to this, and because of it, General Boulanger has excited the distrust and alarm and active animosity of Germany. To take him on his merits as Minister of War might, or might not, be wise and patriotic; but to believe in him and to stand by him as a War Minister removed because Germany feared and hated him, is the first duty of every Frenchman.

There is one person in France more powerful than the Government, and if this stands, it is only on sufferance. It needs but the show of an aggression from Germany to precipitate matters, and the tone of the German papers since the demonstration of the 8th is far from reassuring. There are signs, indeed, that the Germans believe themselves, rightly or wrongly, able to cope with France and Russia at the same time, on land, while they look for the support of England, who must hold her ground in Egypt.

The impulse once given, things move rapidly, and men may hereafter look back to the Boulanger demonstration as a memorable date in history.

FOOD ADULTERATIONS.

THAT the necessities of life may become the means of death, an almost unavoidable reflection at present, is not apt to prove assuring to the most optimistic. The following records of cases of poisoning through the adulteration or contamination of articles of food and drink, in a limited area of country and within a few days of each other, are quite sufficient to cause a

feeling of uneasiness among others besides the nervous and suspicious.

On July 4th, icecream furnished by a dealer in New York sickened about fifty people, many of whom had a narrow escape from death. Dr. Edson claimed that the sickness was due to tyrotoxin in the milk; Professor LaFetra, as the result of an analysis, held that the poisoning was the result of fungi, produced by decomposition of the gelatine which, he states, largely enters into the composition of the cheaper grades of icecream and jellies. A more serious case occurred about the same time in Philadelphia, whereby a number of children died from the effect of eating buns, colored by chrome yellow (chromate of lead). A coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict that the deaths were caused by chronic lead poisoning, due to the use by the baker of chromate of lead in buns and other breadstuffs. The baker, who lost six of his own children within a few years, presumably from eating his poison buns, was held in \$2,000 to await the action of the grand jury. Dr. Adolph Miller testified before the jury that probably eighty per cent. of the bakers in Philadelphia used chrome yellow in their business. Almost at the same time a number of children residing in Jersey City were poisoned by eating tainted meat furnished by a butcher. All had a narrow escape from death, and at the time of writing the recovery of the youngest of the children is very doubtful. On July 8th, the family of the overseer of the water-power machine-shops at Biddeford, Me., was poisoned by eating tainted halibut. All were affected with violent vomiting, were in a critical state, and one was almost certain to die. Recently, a man near Wilmington, Del., his wife and child, died all within three days. An inquest disclosed the fact that a piece of putrid meat had fallen into the well used by the family, with the consequence stated.

These facts are quite enough to disturb everybody except persons possessed of the gastronomic apparatus of an ostrich. People have been for a long time so accustomed to adulterated tea, coffee, sugar, wines, watered milk, etc., that they have come to regard the fraud of rascally dealers and manufacturers with a kind of complaisant tolerance. When it comes, however, to chromate of lead, even the most obliging must see that it is going a little too far.

It seems to be a melancholy fact that money counts for more than "culchah." Boston has lost John Longfellow Sullivan, who was attracted by the gold of New York. Now Boston has lost the famous yacht *Mayflower*, which defended the *America's* cup last year, and which has now come to New York to be sailed under the flag of a Gotham millionaire, E. D. Morgan. To be sure, her former owner has built another racing-boat, but it is natural to suppose that the *Mayflower* would have remained in Boston had not New York held the longer purse. It is to be hoped that this fine boat will continue to be a prize-winner. Her arrival in New York will stimulate yacht-building, and the race of the New York Yacht Club this season will be more interesting than ever.

THE indications are that the Powers will not acquiesce in the election of Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to be Prince of Bulgaria. Russian newspapers unanimously disapprove of his selection, and some of them declare that Russia will in no case allow him to ascend the throne. Germany and Austria have not as yet spoken authoritatively, and it is understood that their policy will not be definitely announced until after the meeting of the Emperors William and Francis Joseph at Gastein, on the 24th inst. Meanwhile the Bulgarian Regency have resigned, and a new Cabinet has been formed, with M. Stollhoff as President of the Council. It is not probable that any permanent settlement of the Bulgarian question will be reached by Prince Ferdinand's election.

THE Naval Torpedo Board at Washington is about to begin tests of various torpedoes, the Howell torpedo coming first. This Board is composed of five members. It appears to be generally understood among initiated naval officers that three members of the Board have stock in the Howell Torpedo Company. Upon the report of these gentlemen depends a Government appropriation and an indorsement which would attract the attention of every maritime Power, and make Howell Torpedo stock, for a time at least, extremely valuable property. These officers may intend to preserve strict impartiality, but a suspicious world will scarcely believe this possible under the circumstances. The inventors of the half-dozen or so other torpedoes which will come before the Board have a right to absolutely disinterested judges, and, moreover, the public likes to see fair play. It is strange that some taint of special interest is always appearing in Government Commissions and Boards of Inspection, but, fortunately the evil, once detected, can be readily remedied.

OSCAR J. HARVEY, the clever forger who has been using his official position in the Treasury Department at Washington to rob the Government, is a cool and calculating scoundrel. He had reduced the art of forgery to an exact science. He kept written memoranda containing directions for writing each name he desired to counterfeit. He used thirteen different kinds of ink and a great variety of pens. One signature, for instance, was to be written in red ink and with a quill pen, a low slant being given to the latter; another was to be made with a sharp steel pen, with writing fluid, and the pen was to be held lightly and with a back slant. No such elaborate system could have been perfected in the short time that Harvey has been in public office. He must either have been a professional forger before he was appointed, or must have set to work deliberately to acquire the expertness he possessed for the express purpose of defrauding the Government. The diary he kept in which he set down all the incidents, even of his crimes, is also a curiosity, and must have been written by a hardened criminal. And it is interesting to note that Harvey got his office on the "recommendation" of politicians, and not under Civil Service rules.

MR. C. F. PECK, Commissioner of Labor Statistics for New York, has made a discovery. He has analyzed about six thousand advertisements that he has found in the newspapers, a great number of which he reproduces in his annual report, and from these he shows that boys are competing with men and causing a lack of employment, and that many wander off in quest of work, thus being lost to the State and to the marriageable women of our large cities. If Mr. Peck is aiming at a boycott of the boy, he is a little late in the day. The real danger is not that the boy brought up in the city will compete with adult labor, but that he will grow to manhood without acquiring the ability to earn his bread. And the young women looking for husbands, if they are wise, instead of mourning the departure from the city of the young men who have enterprise enough to seek their fortunes in the country, will follow their example. Boys of that stamp are not very likely to seek for wives among the "salesladies" of the big cities. There is one warning which Mr. Peck is led to draw from his statistics, and that is of the danger of employing boys to put up medicines in drug-stores and

to attend to steam-engines. Referring to an advertisement for a boy in a drug-store, he says this "leads us to ask when the boy started in to learn the drug business, and which school of physicians he is in the pay of?" We cannot see that it makes any difference. The laws of all, or nearly all, the States, require a certain amount of preparation and some written evidence of it for any one to fill prescriptions, and if these laws are not enforced, the boys are not to blame. Give the boys a chance.

THE position of the American Board of Foreign Missions in relation to the new theology and the fitness of those who accept it for mission work is becoming definitely settled. Miss Judson, of Wellesley College, has just been appointed as a teacher to Japan by the unanimous vote of the Prudential Committee, in spite of a letter to the two secretaries in which she declared that she had implicit faith in the Bible; that she did not believe that it gave any intimation of future probation, but that she simply left in God's hands the future of those who seemed not to have in this life a chance to accept the salvation offered to all men. This letter was not considered satisfactory by Drs. Alden and Clark, but they have been overruled by the Prudential Committee, and Miss Judson's orthodoxy is affirmed, in spite of her statement that she "does not see that God has told us what He will do with such people" as have never felt the power of the Gospel of Christ. This decision is in harmony with that in the case of Mr. Hume, but in apparent conflict with that in the case of Messrs. Torrey and Noyes; although it is explained that in the latter case the Prudential Committee did not exercise their independent judgment, but were governed wholly by their interpretation of the resolution adopted by the Des Moines Convention.

THE murky gloom in which New York has been enveloped for some weeks past has not been caused by Wall Street losses, but by the series of thumpings which the New York Base Ball Nine has been receiving from its opponents. The morning papers have devoted columns to tearful upbraidings of the players, the crowds at the Polo Ground have abused them, and altogether the entire community has been very much depressed. Now that the heroic measure of a change of captains has been adopted, possibly the heavens may smile again. But it must be said that all this excitement has a curious appearance to those not infected with the mania. The New York Nine is not composed of New Yorkers, but of men gathered from all parts of the country, some of whom carried the fortunes of another city last year, and will play for a third city in the year to come. The Nine, therefore, does not represent New York's prowess, and why its success should be a matter of local pride it is difficult to say. This hiring "foreign mercenaries" to play the "National Game," following them with detectives to keep them from dissipation, mobbing them if they are beaten, making heroes of them if they win, and going into fits over their performance—which may or may not be honest—of a perfunctory duty, is as humorous as anything in *opéra bouffe*.

A poor girl in Chicago searching for employment was offered a place in a drygoods store at \$3 a week. The cheapest board which she could obtain cost \$3 a week, and the problem presented was naturally a difficulty. Her plight attracted attention. It was found that many others working for pitifully small wages were unable to find respectable board within their means. The outcome has been the opening of a home for self-supporting women on Illinois Street, Chicago, which, it is hoped, will be followed by others. A few philanthropic ladies led the way, and now over fifty working-girls are provided with a comfortable, homelike living place. A night's lodging costs fifteen cents, or \$1.05 a week, and breakfast is five cents extra, the two costing \$1.40 weekly. Later, when facilities are provided, other meals will be furnished. There is a pleasant parlor, and there will be a library. This is not a charity, for the managers very sensibly aim to make the institution self-supporting. But it is a novel attempt to reduce the cost of living to the lowest possible figures compatible with the requirements of reason and comfort. Other "Homes" make comparatively elaborate provisions, which increase the cost of board. But the Chicago "Home" is a most promising attempt to provide a respectable and comfortable boarding-place for \$2 to \$2.50 a week, and it deserves success.

THE quarrel between the people of Manitoba, and especially those of Winnipeg, and the Canadian Pacific Railroad, as a result of which a line will probably be built to the boundary of the United States, is a natural result of the unfortunate condition of things in the Province and the weakness of the bonds by which the several States of the Dominion of Canada are held together. There seems to be an almost total absence of national sentiment in the different Provinces. They have no pride and very little interest in the Dominion Government except as they can extort from it concessions of money or public improvements as the price of their continued loyalty. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad was one of those concessions, and, since the line is far from profitable, and was built some years before the time agreed upon, its managers claim that it ought to hold exclusive possession of the territory. But the people of Manitoba are determined to have rail communication with the United States, and have actually raised the money and let the contract for the line. The Canadian Pacific, in retaliation, is preparing to move its great shops, which now support a population of several thousand people in Winnipeg, to Fort William, on Lake Superior. We cannot blame the people of Manitoba for desiring more intimate relations with the people of the United States, but it is unfortunate that they have to get it at such a price.

"WHERE is the fishery trouble?" asks the *New York Times*. A year ago outrages upon American vessels in Canadian waters were frequently reported, and last Winter Congress wrestled with the problem until a policy of retaliation was determined upon. Non-intercourse or a fight was confidently looked for this season. But the Spring has passed and Midsummer is upon us, and, as far as we know, quiet reigns on the Banks, in the bays and along the shores of the eastern Provinces. Certainly no complaints come from the New England fishing ports. No explanation has been made of this sudden disappearance of a troublesome problem. It is not in the nature of things that our American fishermen should have relinquished the privileges which they considered so valuable a year ago; but may it not be true that the Canadian authorities, in view of the utter failure of their "game of bluff," have concluded that it will not pay to play it any longer? Neither the Dominion Government nor the people have ever cared very much about the inshore fishing by Americans, nor for the privileges in port that citizens of the United States have claimed. They determined to drive us to a modification of our tariff laws, which now exclude them from American markets. Their experience last year, and the temper of Congress and the Administration, have convinced them that it cannot be done—at least in that way. Isn't this a sufficient explanation for the peace that now prevails in Canadian waters?

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 371.



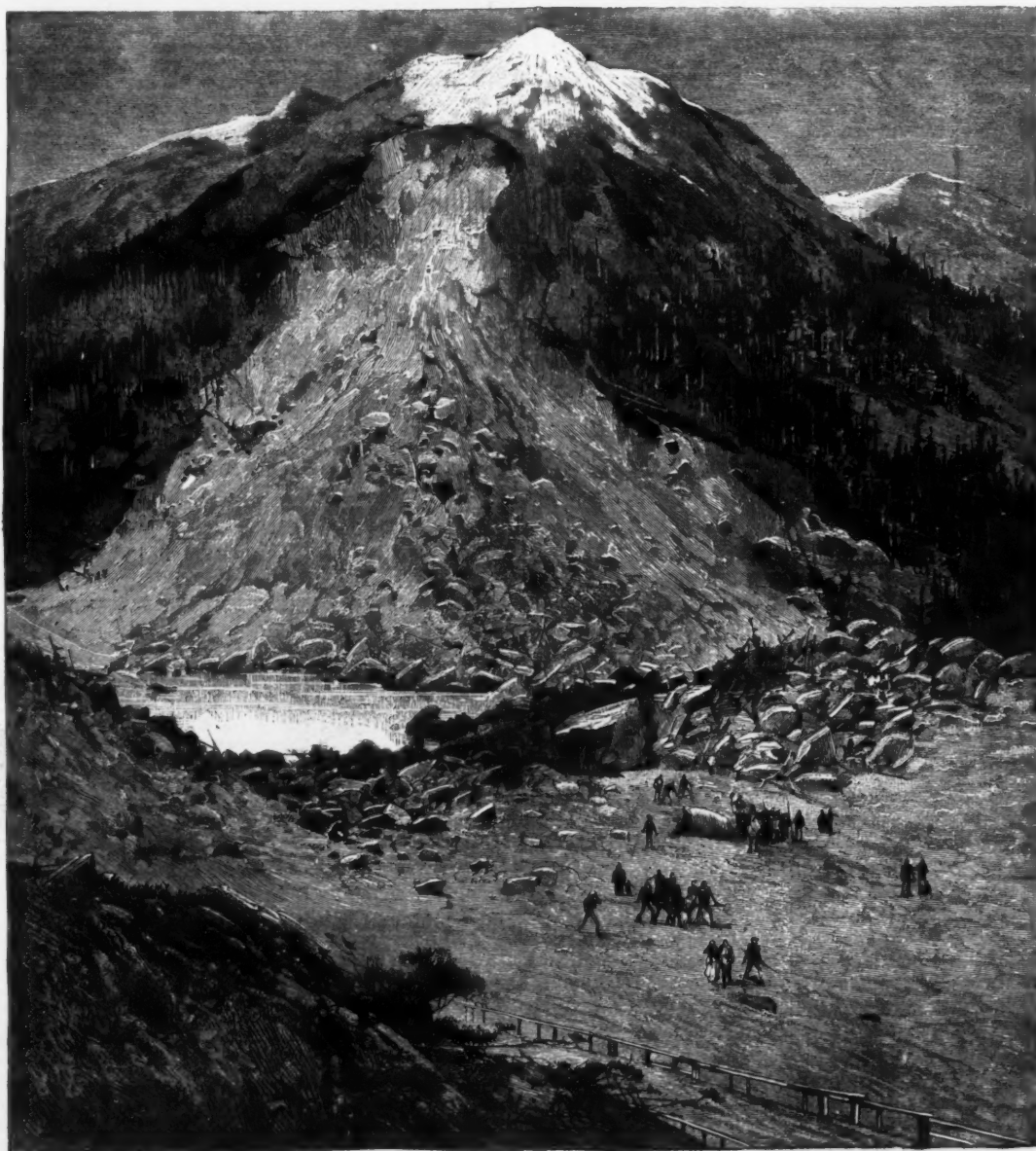
ITALY.—FUNERAL OF THE PAINTER GIACOMO FAVRETTO, AT VENICE.



INDIA.—SIR DINSHARD MANOCKJEE PETIT, THE CELEBRATED PARSEE PHILANTHROPIST.



ENGLAND.—FOUNTAIN AND CLOCK-TOWER, ERECTED AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON BY HON. G. W. CHILDS, OF PHILADELPHIA.



SWITZERLAND.—A LANDSLIDE IN THE SCHÄCHENTHAL, CANTON URI.



Adelaide from the Post-office Tower, looking Southeast.



The Supreme Court House.

AUSTRALIA.—THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL JUBILEE EXHIBITION AT ADELAIDE.

SUMMER STUDIES AT CHAUTAUQUA.

THE "Chautauqua idea"—in its practical form, at least—is not yet ten years old; but its work is flourishing in the academic groves of Fair Point, and its curricula have been adopted at home by thousands of students in societies throughout the country. The programmes of lectures and studies prepared by the managers of the Chautauqua Assembly annually draw throngs of earnest, cultivated people to the Summer city by the lake. The work and recreation of the place

generally, will undoubtedly be very large this season. They enjoy themselves there, and return year after year. Chautauqua is as delightful as it is unique—"a city of canvas and boards, interspersed here and there with Lilliputian cottages and Brobdingnagian amphitheatres; schools, lecture-halls and churches loom up in startling immensity, when compared with their tiny surroundings, and above all the great forest trees keep solemn watch and ward." Scattered in seeming confusion amongst the sylvan shades are hotels, boarding-houses, "kitchens" and restaurants (of the temperance

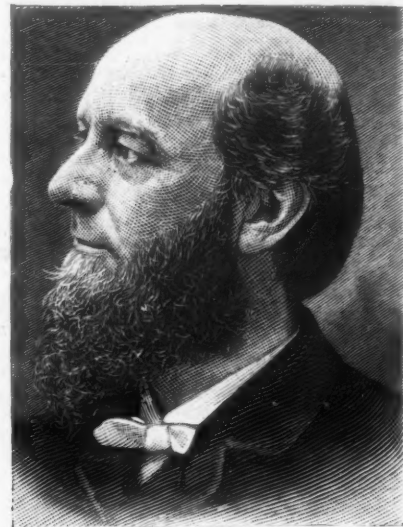
distinguished people, amongst whom we may mention the Rev. J. H. Vincent and the Rev. Jesse L. Hurlburt, both eminent divines, and energetic, farseeing organizers of the Assembly. Dr. Vincent's name is universally associated with his work in the Sunday-school Assembly. Of these two able exponents of the Chautauqua idea we give portraits. On July 26th-28th, and August 4th-6th, Professor Sumner, of Yale, and Professor Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, will advocate their diverse views upon protection and free trade, in a lecture debate. This is a new feature

DR. MCGLYNN'S EXCOMMUNICATION.

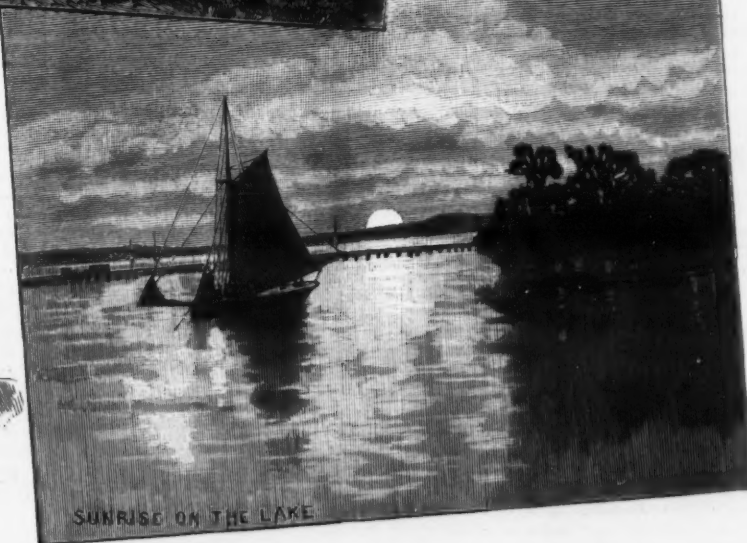
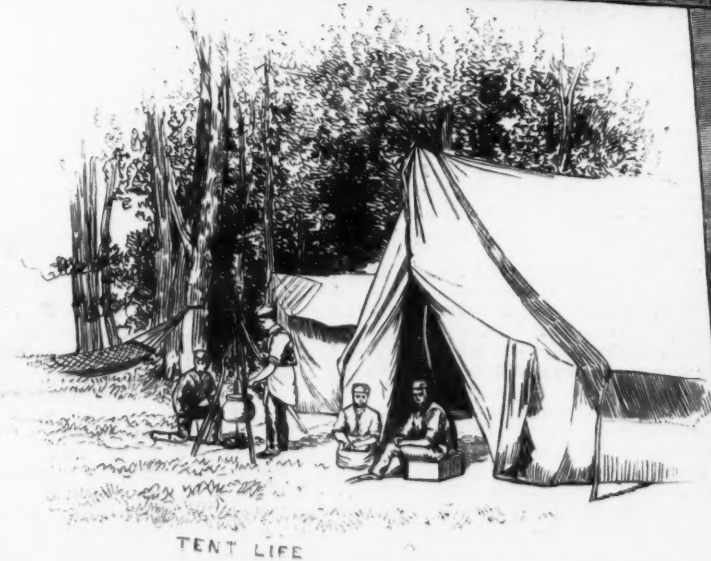
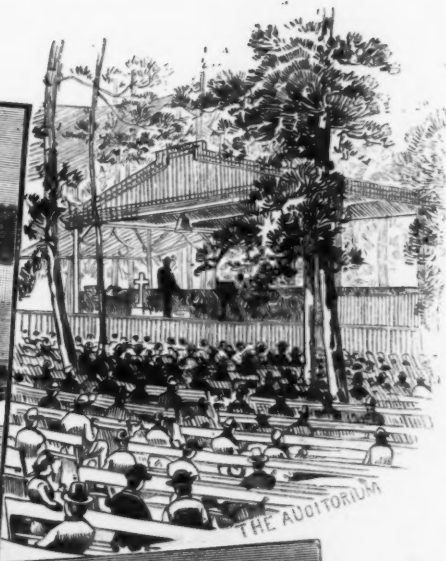
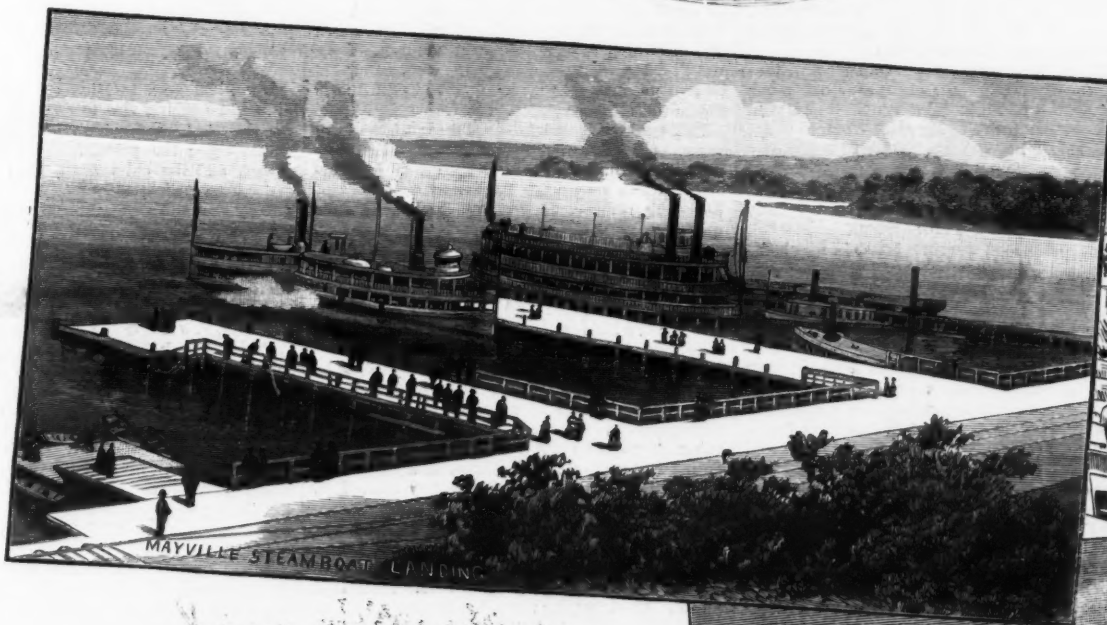
DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN has been excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church, for disobeying the summons to Rome received by him last May. The excommunication has been marked by none of the usual ecclesiastical formalities, the decree of the Church having been simply announced in a pastoral letter addressed by Archbishop Corrigan to the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of New York. It was not until Wednesday of last week that Dr. McGlynn received



REV. J. L. HURLBURT.



REV. J. H. VINCENT.



NEW YORK.—OPENING OF THE SUMMER SCHOOLS AT CHAUTAUQUA—VIEWS ON AND ABOUT THE LAKE.

FROM PHOTOS.

are now fully under way for the season. The various "Summer Schools," and the "Teachers' Retreat," are open, to continue so until the end of August. The Summer session of the College of Liberal Arts began there on Monday of last week, under the supervision of Dr. W. R. Harper, of Yale University, assisted by a corps of thirty other American college professors. The facilities of this school have lately been increased by the addition of a new college building. The number of sight-seers, Sunday visitors, and intellectual idlers

(persuasion); an amphitheatre capable of seating 6,000 persons, and a grove auditorium of similar capacity; an imitation Jewish Tabernacle; a Children's Temple, with 1,500 seats; a Greek "Hall of Philosophy"; an "Ark"; a Palestine Park, laid out with models of the Sea of Galilee, Mount Hermon, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Mount Tabor, the cities of Jerusalem, Jericho, Bethany, Capernaum, Bethlehem, etc., all in miniature; and numerous other interesting structures and points of attraction. Moreover, there are a great many

of the Assembly. Chautauqua Lake, lying in the southwestern corner of New York State, is twenty miles long, and at some points four miles wide. Mayville is at its head, and Jamestown at its foot. Chautauqua, otherwise known as Fair Point, is two or three miles below Mayville. Communication between the different points on the lake-shores is kept up by means of a fleet of commodious steamboats and propellers, types of which appear among our illustrations on this page.

from Archbishop Corrigan the formal notification of his excommunication by name, the letter containing it having been detained at the Brooklyn Post-office since July 5th. At the meeting of the George-McGlynn Anti-Poverty Society in the Academy of Music and Irving Hall, Sunday evening, July 10, the excommunicated priest addressed vast and enthusiastic crowds of his sympathizers, and vigorously denounced his ecclesiastical superiors. Towards the close of his speech in the Academy, Dr. McGlynn said: "If Archbishop Corrigan had

removed me from the pastorate of my church and ordered me to go as an assistant to the lowliest parish in his diocese, I would have gone unquestioningly. They demanded that I should retract God's truth; that I should, in writing, for publication, denounce what I knew to be truth, and what they have never examined; and I felt I should be sinning to do so. I refuse now and for ever. I was suspended without a hearing. I would die this moment, so help me God, repeating that sin, and saying, 'God is Father of His children, brothers, and He has given them all equally His bounties.' This is my faith and my philosophy, and part of my belief in Christ, my Master, and with this confession of faith I die serenely, with my conscience as clear as the heavens above me."

Later in the evening, Dr. McGlynn repaired to Irving Hall, and addressed the great audience which awaited him there. In the course of his remarks, he said: "They threaten me with exclusion from the sacraments in life and with denial of Christian burial after death. There is little blood in my veins that is not Irish, yet I am un-Irish in this, that I don't care much about my wake and burial. They may throw my body into the sea or burn it. What I do care about is the welfare of my poor soul. [Loud applause.] And I am theologian enough to know, and I have always taught it, that, precious as the sacraments are, they are in truth only signs and symbols, and a man can be saved without them if God's grace be given to him and his heart and mind are clear and pure before God. [Applause.] And as I have done nothing and said nothing but what I saw my way clear to do, and felt it my duty to do in justice to myself, my country, my kinsfolk, to humanity itself, my soul is still at peace with God. And I am still one in heart with the doctrines and practices of the Church."

As to his plans for the future, the excommunicated priest has as yet said but little. From his utterances in recent interviews, however, it is evident that he has no purpose of contesting the decree of Rome. He will not henceforth present himself at the altar for the sacraments in a Catholic Church. He declares emphatically that he was excommunicated, not because he refused to go to Rome, but because he refused to retract his expressed views concerning Henry George's land doctrines.

A LOVER'S LETTER.

YOUR letter came, and its wings are folded
Here on my beating heart. Don't laugh,
That is strictly true. In my left vest-pocket
I have laid it over your photograph
And the little brown sliver you gave me
(I think your hair looks so lovely, curled)—
I carry my treasures all together,
My only wealth in the whole wide world!

Dancing, rowing, yacht-sailing, riding,
And all the gayety, all the fun;
Yet you tell me still, it is dull and stupid,
(Good girl!) and you wish it over and done;
And you "long to feel the old pavements under
Your feet once more, and the dreamy charm
Of the Avenue breeze through the twilight blowing,
And . . . your hand on somebody's strong kind
arm."

For me, I work till the day is ended,
Then smoke and dream, while the street-lamps
shine,
And think of the time we will sit together,
Your cheek on my shoulder, your hand in mine,
And look out over the sleeping city
With the beautiful bright dark sky above,
Too poor for Newport or Narragansett,
But rich as misers, in faith and love.

I smoke and dream, while I build my castles—
Such wonderful structures, so bright and fair;
No space for sorrow, no room for weeping—
Too bad their basis should be but air.
Yet I dream and hope till sleep comes to claim me,
My castles vanish: I quench the light,
But I breathe your name in a little prayer, dear,
While you are dancing. Sweetheart, good-night.

M. S. BRIDGES.

AN OLD MAID'S MITE.

IT was the twilight of a day in the early part of July; two women sat in the kitchen near the open door, which gave a glimpse of distant hills and nearer meadows, and let in the sweet breath of a few pinks, geraniums and nasturtiums. There was still daylight enough for Eliza to see to sew the carpet-rags which lay in her lap; as for Angelia, her knitting would have prospered just as well in Cimmerian darkness; she had manufactured too many pairs of yarn stockings to even think of glancing at her needles except when there was a heel to be turned.

"You wa'n't to meetin' Sunday, was you?" asked Eliza Given, the hostess, of her "visitor," Angelia Oakes.

They were not related, but as often happens, got on with one another better than they did with any of their own flesh and blood, and had lived together for the last ten years in perfect harmony. Yet any resident of Ford's Mills would have told you that Angelia was "only a visitin'" to Eliza Given's; certainly she was not a boarder there, for no money ever passed between the two—woe to either of them if it did! For all the Oakes family now living, except Angelia, were well known to be very miserly, and to have had a relation pay a cent of board to any one but an Oakes would have driven the whole fraternity wild. So Angelia, who was not over fond of any of her many cousins (she had no nearer kin), and could never have lived in harmony with one of them, was only visiting her old friend.

"No, I couldn't git away; you know I was sewin' last week to Mis' Rogers's, an' she was so poorly with rheumatism that she couldn't get out of her bed Sunday mornin'—leastways she said she couldn't—an' I couldn't hev the heart to go off an' leave them poor young ones without nothin' fit to eat in the house; if that great, overgrown girl of Mis' Rogers's was mine she'd know how to cook a meal o' victuals, or else she'd go hungry! Think of it, she is fourteen, an' she can't cook a potato fit for a pig to eat!" answered Angelia.

"Mis' Rogers was a Turner, an' none of the Turners had a mite of faculty," said Eliza, slowly,

as she hunted among the mass of strips in her lap for another piece of blue cloth to join to the piece already in her hand. "I asked you if you was to meetin', because there's been somethin' turnin' over in my mind ever sence I heard the sermon; the text was about the poor widow, you know, who cast in two mites, an' it set me to thinkin' that perhaps I had two mites—for it just about amounts to that much—that I could cast in. To be sure I ain't a widow, but I don't know as that makes any special difference; even if the Bible don't say nothin' about an old maid's mite, I s'pose the Lord 'll accept it jest as if it was a widow's—don't you?"

"I sh'd hope so; for now I come to think of it, Eliza, there ain't no mention made of old maids in the Scriptures! There don't seem to be no place for them in the new dispensation."

"Nor in the old, neither."

"Oh, there wa'n't no old maids in the days of the prophets; somebody was sure to marry every woman in the family, for men could have as many wives as they liked; it's only sence they've been restricted to one at a time that there were such creetur's," replied Angelia, with a smile. "But what mite was you thinkin' of this time?"

"I don't scarcely know as you'll approve—"

"No matter, I'm only a visitor, you know; it isn't as if I was a boarder—or a husband."

"You remember that letter of Cousin Ann's, where she was tellin' about the 'Country Week,' for the poor children in Boston?"

"Yes!" said Angelia, eagerly, actually laying down her knitting.

"Two boys could sleep in the attic chamber, couldn't they? I'd rather have two than one; they wouldn't be so likely to be lonesome. An' I could trust Ann to pick out two that wa'n't so dreadful bad or dirty."

"Two boys—I suppose you consider one boy equal to one mite," suggested Angelia. "There's always enough to eat here, there's good green grass for them to play ball on, there's trees for them to climb; if you don't let them take a candle up-stairs they can't set the house a-fire; there's no water handy for them to get drowned in; I don't see but what it is a real good idee, Eliza; they can't pester you so very much in one week, an' Cap'n Parker'll bring 'em down on his boat for almost nothin'."

Little more was said on the subject that night; each of the women thought it over during the night, and the result of Angelia's cogitations, anxiously awaited by her friend, was revealed by the apparently irrelevant remark:

"I like light brown in my coffee as well as white, don't you, Eliza? It's ever so much sweeter. I was just thinkin' that next time I went to the store I'd git five or six pounds extry of that kind of sugar, an' about a gallon of molasses—boys like gingerbread."

"Yes, an' it's real wholesome, too," was Eliza's answer, her face wreathed in smiles, for Angelia's approval of her plan was now evident.

Eliza Given owned the little house in which she lived, where she and her mother before her were born, and where there was every probability she, as had done that mother and several little brothers and sisters, would draw her last breath. Her father, a sea captain, who had gone down with his vessel full twenty years ago, had left but little property behind him, and when her mother died, the farm, house, furniture, and a few sheep, cows and pigs, became Eliza's. At the time the property fell to her there was a strong probability that she would soon be the wife of one Tom Barker, but a lovers' quarrel left Eliza alone, and, except for the farm, penniless.

When it was proved beyond a doubt that Barker had, in his anger with Eliza, married another girl (and Rumor said one very much his inferior), everybody made sure she would now sell, or at least lease, her farm. But, no; after talking the matter over calmly with her dear friend Angelia Oakes, she decided to go on living there as she had always done, farming the land "on shares" with one or another good-natured neighbor; retaining one cow, a pig, a few hens, turkeys and geese, the old wagon, the hay-cart, and the antiquated but still serviceable chaise, and selling all the rest of the stock and farming implements which her grandfather had given to his daughter when she married Eliza's father. Of furniture there was a plenty—old four-post bedsteads, stout chairs, roomy presses with quaint brass handles, tables of many ancient shapes, and a whole set of good haircloth parlor furniture which adorned the always closed "best room"; of bedding there was enough for a small regiment—feather beds whose ancestors' goslings had first chipped the egg on the farm; blankets made by her grandmother from home-grown wool, and bed and table linen which was even now yellow for want of use.

Of course, Eliza did not want to live alone, so she invited first one and then another cousin to stay a year or so with her until she could decide which one to secure permanently—for Tom Barker never had a successor. But the ones she most liked all married; the others, neither she nor a husband wanted. At last she invited Angelia to make her a *bona fide* visit, and the two got on so well that the latter continued to "visit" at the farm when she was not on one of her many sewing engagements, varying in length from half a day to three or four consecutive weeks, at the various houses around Ford's Mills. None of the Oakes clan were anxious to insist on her staying with her own people when it became known that she did not pay Eliza any board: but it did not become known she was in the habit of buying in Eliza's name all the sugar, molasses, spices and salt fish used in the little family, paying for the same out of her own pocket, so that, though she did not, in so much coin, settle any board bills, her friend was no loser by her "visits." Hence the deep meaning of her hint to Eliza that she guessed the next time she went to the store she would buy an extra amount of sugar and molasses; she not

only approved of the new project, but was desirous of contributing her fraction of the "mite."

In a country town news travels very rapidly; it took but a few days for the fact that Eliza Given was going to take two poor city boys to stay a week with her to circulate all over the neighborhood, and each and all had an opinion to express about it; on the whole, as neither expense nor trouble would touch them, the neighbors rather approved of the idea, though it never occurred to one of them to "go and do likewise."

The second week in August the mail brought to Eliza a letter from the Boston cousin, saying that by the next day's boat she would ship Tim Murphy and Teddy Sullivan to Ford's Mills. "I have tried," said the cousin, "to select two boys who, while they sadly need this trip, are not the very poorest of the poor, nor very bad or dirty, and I think I have made a good choice; they have both been in one of the districts which I visit, and I know something about them and their people. Contrary to all rules, the best of the two, the most interesting and the brightest, Tim Murphy, comes of really horrid ancestry; his mother died from liquor, and so will his grandfather, who beats him whenever his thievish old grandmother does not. Such a pen as they live in! The police have been after Tim two or three times for running away, but when once they have seen his 'home' they never report him a second time. The other boy, Teddy Sullivan, has a decent father, who, however, is always sick or out of work, through no fault of his own, and the mother is a sober, hard-working woman. Teddy is more attractive to look at, but I am greatly mistaken if in a short time you do not see (or fancy you see) that Tim is far superior to him in every way. Neither boy is dishonest, very quarrelsome or untruthful—for a boy! Don't be at all alarmed if they do have a little fight now and then; that's only their way; they really are very good friends. What a charity this invitation of yours is, my dear, you can have no idea, as you have never seen the miserable quarters in which so many of our city poor spend the long hot days and nights!"

So Ford's Mills was all astir one Tuesday morning to see Eliza Oakes start off in the light-wagon of a kindly neighbor, who had said to her the day before that he intended going to B—, where the Boston boat stopped on her way up the river, to see about some new shovels, and he guessed he might as well go on Tuesday as any time, and then he could drive her over in time for the boat and bring her and the boys back to Ford's Mills; and still more astir to see the wagon come back—there wasn't a boy (and not many men) within a circuit of five miles who had not an errand past Eliza's house the afternoon of that day.

The two waifs, bright-eyed boys of thirteen, were so much appalled by the long steamboat journey alone, that they were on their very best behavior when they were bidden to go ashore at B—, and answered, quite politely, to Eliza's question:—

"Are you Tim and Teddy, from Boston?"

When told that they had a long ride of eight miles before they would reach Eliza's home, Teddy said, with animation:

"What? Ride in that there waggin? Hi, that's boss!"

Which removed Eliza's fears lest they might be already tired and cross.

They soon became friendly with their new companions, and were agreeably impressed with everything they saw on the road. When at last they halted in front of Eliza's house, Teddy cried:

"Oh, is this where you live? Say now, Tim, see the fine big yard there is! Will we live up-stairs or down?" he added, turning to Eliza.

She, misunderstanding his meaning, replied:

"Do you see that little window almost covered with the vine—the window just under the roof, I mean? That is your room."

"That's nice! And will the people that live down-stairs let us go out in their yard sometimes?"

"That is my yard; of course you boys can go there all you want to; there is a nice big tree you can climb, too."

"Just hear to that, will you, Tim? What did Mrs. Howard tell us?"—(the Mrs. Howard being Eliza's cousin.) "All this fine yard belongs to the lady! Indeed, ma'am," added Teddy, with a touch of the genuine Irish politeness, "we'll try and do it no harm."

"Come, come, Eliza," cried Angelia, from the kitchen-door—she had given up an engagement so as to be on hand when the boys arrived—"bring them young ones in an' give them some supper; I know they're hungry as wolves."

"Supper!" ejaculated Eliza, in amazement.

"You mean dinner; it's only two o'clock."

"For gracious sake, what a ninny I be! Of course I mean dinner. My boy, what's your name?" said she to Tim, from whom she had not removed her eyes since she first got a glimpse of him.

"Sure, ma'am, they call me Tim Murphy," he replied, quietly.

No more was said about names, as Angelia at once proceeded to hurry the smoking peas, plump beans and floury potatoes, all fresh from the garden, on the table; meat there was none, Wednesday being the one day of the week when a butcher visited Ford's Mills, but salt fish, nicely boiled and smothered in drawn butter, was just as good to the palates of boys who rarely got meat at home more than once or twice a week in the best times.

How those boys did eat! The two women actually beamed at one another as they helped first one and then the other; but their eyes were a little dimmed when Tim said, as Eliza gave him the second tumbler of milk:

"Thank you, ma'am, but I'm not very thirsty—if there's not milk enough for you two ladies to have some too."

"Bless the boy! There's a plenty of milk; but we'd rather hev the tea," Eliza said.

"You must 'a bought an extra quart for us, then."

"Sho! we don't buy it. Drink all you can! I've got just the best cow out in the meadow that ever you see—an' there, now, these boys might learn to milk her, Angelia; that will amuse them."

After a decidedly hearty meal, the best they had eaten for many a day, Teddy and Tim interviewed the pig and the cow, and then rambled off by themselves to explore the surrounding country. At last, as the late twilight drew near, they had to own that they were sleepy and ready for bed. And sound and sweet was their rest that night. But with the first beams of bright daylight they were up and astir, ready for any amount of mischief. Angelia hinted to them that Eliza was not very strong, and might like a little help about filling the wood-box, and one hint was enough. Tim even went so far, the first day, as to insist on splitting the kindlings for her—he said he had often split up "chunks of hard wood" for his grandmother. Their eyes almost popped out of their heads when a certain tree was pointed out to them as the only one where the apples were ripe enough to be eaten, and they found they could have all of that fruit they could eat for the picking.

A neighbor's boy volunteered to show them where the best raspberries grew, and then they had the fun of berrying, and the pleasure of carrying home some for supper and being thanked by Eliza for them.

How that week flew by! Sunday came before Eliza knew it; and then arose a serious perplexity in the minds of the two good women: what should be done about taking the boys to "meetin'?"

"Of course they're Catholics," said Angelia, "and the priest will not let them ever come here again if we take 'em to our meetin'; yet they'd ought to observe the Sabbath day some way."

"Well, we can give 'em a polite invite to go along with us, an' if they don't want to, why, we'll just let 'em stay to home," replied Eliza.

When the subject of church-going was mooted at the breakfast-table on Sunday morning, and it was suggested to the boys that they could accompany the ladies if they wanted to, they readily agreed to do so. Conscientious Eliza, however, felt moved to say that they need not go if they thought the priest would reprove them for it.

"Humph! It's little the priest has to do with any of my folks! My father don't believe in 'em. He says religion is good enough for silly women and children, but men don't believe the stuff the priests teach," answered Teddy, loftily.

"What does your mother say?" asked the scandalized Eliza.

"Oh, she goes to Mass sometimes, when she ain't got nothing else to do; but she never gets me there! Tim, he don't go neither; his folks daresn't go; the priest is down on his grandfather, and the old woman, too; so they never make Tim go."

"My own mother used to go regular," said Tim.

The boys rose a thousand degrees in the estimation of the neighbors by going to meeting and behaving quite well when there, and as they had a chance, after the service, to talk a little with half the boys and some of the men, they did not find the long New England Sunday very dull.

The first week had sped so fast, that, by the permission of those in authority, it was followed by a second; and as that was drawing to a close, Eliza received a letter from her cousin, asking her if it was possible for her to keep Tim another week, until his future could be decided upon by Boston friends, as old Tim Murphy had died suddenly, and it seemed very probable that his wife was his murderer; so it would be best for the boy to stay away from town until the matter was looked into a little more closely.

It was deemed wise to tell Tim that his grandfather was dead, but no details; his only remark, when he heard the news, horrified his new friends. He said, placidly:

"I'll bet the old woman helped him along; it's always been pull Dick, pull Devil which should kill the other first."

"Why, Tim, how can you speak so of your grandfather?" said Angelia.

"He ain't really my grandfather, and my true name ain't Tim Murphy neither; now he's dead, I can tell it; he made me swear that I'd never own up as long as he lived, for you see the city and the ladies used to give him and Bridget—her that called herself my mother, you know—twice as much in the winter if there was a poor little boy to be fed."

"Who was your mother, Tim?"

"She was very different from them; she was always sickly and poor, but she never drank nor stole; she used to sew some, but my father had left her a little money, so she needn't to sew when she was real sick. We hired a room with the Murphys, and when the old woman was drunk she used to quarrel with the old man for not giving her more of the money they found in my mother's trunk when she died, all of a sudden, in their house; then they had the city bury my mother, and they give out to the folks that she was their daughter. I was so little—that was four years ago—that no one paid any heed to me when I cried and said I wasn't their child. After that, Bridget passed me off as hers."

And as he spoke, the tears welled up in Tim's eyes and dropped on his lap.

"Is your father dead too?" asked Eliza, with a husky voice.

"I s'pose so; he went away somewhere, mother said, when I was very little, and I never saw him since."

"Do you remember his name?" was Angelia's question.

"Oh, yes, I have his name: Thomas Newbegin Barker."

To the amazement of the two boys, especially Teddy, to whom the whole story was a revelation, both Eliza and Angelia exclaimed:

"Thomas Newbegin Barker! How strange!"

and the latter added, "What was your mother's name?"

"Nora."

"Tim," said Angela, fairly trembling, "did she ever show you a picture of your father?"

"Yes, ma'am; she had one she left when she died, and I kept it till a little while ago, when old Tim tore it up, just for devilry."

Eliza went into the best room and brought thence a photograph-album, and handing it to the boy, said:

"See if there is any face in there that reminds you of him."

He turned over a few pages silently, then suddenly cried:

"Here he is! Just like my picture, even to the hat he's got in his hand. That's him, sure. Was he ever here?"

There was no mistaking the boy's truth; his usually serene eyes shone like stars, and his whole face was aglow. Eliza was wiping her eyes, so Angela answered for her:

"That is my cousin, Tom Barker; he went away from home ever so long ago—full fifteen years ago, an' went to Boston, where he married the daughter of the person with whom he was rooming one time when he was sick. The girl was a faithful nurse, so when he got well he was married to her. We heard, some time afterwards, that he had gone to Colorado."

"That *was* the name; I'd forgot it," cried Tim. "Colorado."

"But for as much as ten years we hain't heard a word more. It looks to me as if you was my cousin's son, an' if you be, why, there's a home for you here 's long 's you want to stay," continued Angela, who must have forgotten that she was only a visitor.

"Really and truly? Needn't I ever go back to that dirty city? May I always stay here and work in the hay and with the cows, as the Oakes boys do?" asked Tim.

"Indeed you may," replied Eliza, firmly. "No matter what name you bear, you shall stay with me as long as you want to. I'll write to my cousin to-night an' git her to try an' find all about your folks, an' if you be my Tom's son, why, the best ain't none too good for you."

"Golly, Tim, ain't you lucky! Why, it's like some of them fairy stories, ain't it? I tell you, ma'am, I'm awful glad that Tim's going to have a good home and decent things to eat; my folks is poor, but they ain't no such wicked folks as them Murphys," cried Teddy, as gleefully as if he had inherited a fortune.

Eliza was well pleased at his unselfishness, and said, smiling through some tears:

"And if Tim is contented to stay here, I shall expect you to come down every Summer as soon as vacation begins an' spend a long time with him."

Teddy had wonderful things to relate when, at the expiration of his second week, he had to go home. It almost reconciled him to going back to think how much news he was to carry with him—and not news alone, for there went up on the boat with him a barrel addressed to one Teddy Sullivan, whose contents—newly dug potatoes, freshly cut corn, plump apples, peas, snap beans, cabbages, a squash or two, and some cucumbers—made the mouths of the whole Sullivan family water for a long time. More than one neighbor found he had a great abundance of "green stuff" when it began to be known that Eliza thought of sending a dozen or two of sweet corn to Teddy's mother; hence the barrel-full.

The investigations which were undertaken relative to Tim's history resulted in the proofs that he was indeed the son of Eliza's former lover; and more than that, they eventually resulted in bringing home to Ford's Mills Tom Barker, Sr., who had gone away from his wife simply to better his fortune, intending to return some day, when a too-officious friend notified him of the death of his wife and child; then he had no incentive to return, so remained in Colorado, earning a fairly good living, but not the fortune he hoped for, until the news percolated to him that his people in Ford's Mills had got hold of his boy and were trying to find out when and where, if at all, he himself had died.

So, all unconscious that his boy was the property of his former sweetheart, he arrived in Ford's Mills one Spring morning, and as he sauntered up to Eliza's house, wondering if she would remember him if he should call in on her some evening, he was surprised to hear her familiar voice, speaking to two boys who were slowly leaving the house.

"Tom Oakes, tell your father I want him to do my plowing just as soon 's ever he can git round to it; an' Tom Barker, you hurry home from the store with that bowl soon as Bijah has emptied it. I want to git my bakin' done early this mornin'."

"Hullo!" said Tom, Sr. "Which of you is Tom Barker?"

"I be," replied his son.

"Oh, you be, eh? An' where do you live?"

"In here," was the laconic answer, as he pointed to Eliza's house.

Tom, Sr., turned from the road and went into the house without the formality of a premonitory knock.

"Good-mornin'," said he, abruptly. "I've come for that boy of mine."

"Sakes alive, Tom Barker, is that you?" almost screamed Eliza. "Where did you come from?"

"Colorado."

"What for?"

"For that boy of mine; I heard he was down here in Ford's Mills, an' that people was a-lookin' for some one to take care of him, so I've come for him."

"Well, it's no such thing; he's at home here, an' I'm not going to let him go off to Colorado to be turned into a cowboy, not if I can help it, let me tell you, Tom Barker."

"No!" replied the father, slowly. "Then you like him?"

"That I do. He's as good as gold; you hain't really goin' to take him away?"

"What a pity you weren't as fond of his father fifteen year ago, Liza; you were ready enough to let him go first time you quarreled with him."

Eliza flushed a little as she replied:

"An' ready enough his father was to go. Young Tom is too fond of me to leave me in such a hurry."

"Then you really want to keep Tom, do you, Eliza?" he asked, seriously.

"I certainly do; may he stay?"

"You couldn't keep his father too, eh, Eliza? I ain't quite such a fool as I was last time we talked together; hard knocks have taught me something, an' I could appreciate a good woman's love, if I had it now."

Further words were checked by the entrance of Tom, Jr., who said:

"Here's the bowl, an' here's seventy cents he sent you for the butter; an' I ran all the way so's to get back quick. Who's he?"

"He's your father, Tom; don't you recognize him from the picture?" replied Eliza.

"No, he don't look like *that*. Has he come to stay?"

"I—I believe he has."

"In this house?"

"Y—es, if he wants to."

"Course he wants to; it's such a nice house," added young Tom to his father, at whom he had been industriously staring for some seconds. "I'm glad that you've come; I think I'd like to have a father."

"How about a mother?" inquired Tom, Sr., laughing.

"Oh, I've got a mother; she's my mother, and I couldn't have a better one," said the boy, as he threw his arms around Eliza, and imprinted a sounding kiss upon her unusually rosy cheeks.

Hereafter Angela Oaks was indeed a visitor in the little farmhouse, for the Barkers, both father and son, were so much at home there, that Eliza Barker, *nee* Given, had no need of any other companionship.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A VENETIAN FUNERAL.

THE Venetian funeral cortege, represented in one of our foreign illustrations, is that of the famous painter Giacomo Favretto, who died on the 12th ult. In the background of the picture, facing the canal, appears the Academy of Art, where so many of the dead painter's works have been exhibited and admired. Favretto was only thirty-eight years old. He painted many Venetian scenes and figures, and was regarded as the strongest colorist of the modern school of Venice.

A NOTED PARSEE PHILANTHROPIST.

Sir Dinshad Manockjee Petit, whose portrait we give on page 368, is Sheriff of Bombay, and widely known for his magnificent charities. Born in 1823, he began life as a clerk, but subsequently went into business on his own account, devoting much attention during our civil war to the development of the cotton industry in the Bombay Presidency. With this industry his career is chiefly identified, and he is the principal owner of six of the largest mills. It is mainly through his exertions that Bombay has become the centre of the cotton industry, and practically the Manchester of India, thus materially adding to the trade and wealth of the Presidency. He, indeed, was the first to manufacture the thread, hosiery and fancy goods which now find so wide a market in the Indian Empire. It is said of him that he does not keep any account of the profits of one of his mills, but invariably uses them for private charities, the details of which are not known even to his sons. He has just offered to the Bombay Government \$75,000 for the purpose of establishing a female college, and during the last twenty years has made charitable donations to the aggregate amount of some \$750,000. He has also contributed \$5,000 towards the Imperial Institute, and similar sums to the Library of the Northbrook Club and to the Victoria Technical Institution, which was founded to commemorate Her Majesty's Jubilee in Bombay. He was knighted on the occasion of this Jubilee celebration. He is a devout Zoroastrian, and devotes four hours every day to his religion. His wife, Lady Petit, shares his charitable views, and out of her own fortune has built a large hospital for animals, where they are carefully doctored and treated.

MR. CHILDS'S GIFT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

An act at once generous and graceful, and of which Americans may be as proud as Englishmen are appreciative, is Mr. George W. Childs's recent presentation to the town of Stratford-on-Avon of the beautiful drinking-fountain and clock-tower of which we reproduce an illustration. The structure is fifty feet in height, to the top of the vane, and is constructed of the most durable materials—Peterhead granite for the base and troughs, and for the superstructure a very hard and durable stone of a delicate gray color, from Bolton Wood, in Yorkshire. In the oblong spaces between the margins of the basins and the opening of the arches are these inscriptions, cut into the stone:

I.

The gift of an American citizen, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Shakespeare, in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria.

II.

In her days, every man shall eat in safety. Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors: God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honor. And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. —Henry VIII., Act V., Scene 4.

III.

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire. —Timon of Athens, Act I., Scene 2.

IV.

Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has glided the dull realities of life with innocent illusions. —Washington Irving's "Stratford-on-Avon."

A SWISS LANDSLIDE.

Landslides, like some other disturbances and afflictions, seldom come singly. Parts of Switzerland and Piedmont are periodically desolated by these

fearful earth-avalanches. The recent disaster at Zug, where a portion of the town was engulfed in the lake and nearly a hundred persons perished, was preceded, only a few weeks ago, by that depicted in the engraving which we copy from the *Illustrated London News*. A huge mass of rocks on the northern side of the Spitz Mountain, overlooking Schichenthal, a few miles east of Altorf, Canton Uri, detached itself and slid down the slope, filling the bed of the river, forming a new lake twenty-five feet deep, and partly rolling up the opposite bank to a height of 300 feet. Several houses were destroyed, herds of cattle were swept away, and six people were killed. The entire aspect of the mountain-side and valley was changed by the catastrophe.

THE CITY OF ADELAIDE.

The City of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation in 1837 by holding an exhibition, which was inaugurated on June 21st. The city, named after the Queen of William IV., stands upon the banks of the River Murray, and is picturesquely situated upon a wide-stretching and fertile plain, commanding at many points a fine view of Gulf St. Vincent to the west, and shut in on the south and east by a magnificent amphitheatre of hills. The river, which is not navigable, but affords the city a magnificent water-supply, divides Adelaide into two parts, the southern, or business district, and the northern, which is chiefly devoted to private residences. Although containing only a population of 43,000, or with the suburbs, of 110,000, the town is well planned and built. It is the seat of an university, and possesses a public library and art gallery, some very good Government offices, several hospitals, and a fine post-office. There are capital postal, telegraphic and telephonic services, while long lines of tramways connect the town with the suburbs. The streets are laid out rectangularly, there are several squares and places prettily laid out and planted, while between North and South Adelaide lies a large area of reserved or park land, in all about 1,700 acres, which serves for the recreation of the inhabitants. There are also some beautiful Botanic Gardens, which were established in 1855. The main thoroughfare is King William Street, in which are situated nine of the eleven banks of the town, the Town Hall, Treasury building, General Post-office, courts, and other departmental offices.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A new machine belting is woven with three or more layers of cotton cloth, each alternate layer being furnished with a series of metal warp.

THE Indian Government has arranged for a complete botanical survey of India. The country is to be divided into four districts, each district to be under the charge of an eminent botanist.

JAVELLE-WATER, used to remove tea and coffee, grass and fruit stains from linen, is made thus: Mix well in an earthen vessel one pound of sal soda, five cents' worth of chloride of lime and two quarts of soft water.

ARTIFICIAL clouds were recently made for the protection of vines from frost at Pagny, on the Franco-German frontier. Liquid tar was ignited in tin boxes, with pieces of solid tar on the ground near the vines. Large clouds of smoke arose and protected the vineyard for two hours. Although vines in the neighborhood were injured by the frost, all that remained under the clouds were left uninjured. Of course this contrivance can succeed only in calm weather, but it is only in calm weather that white frosts occur.

THERE are several effectual means of taking out grease-spots. Chloroform will do it. So will salt dissolved in alcohol. So will an equal mixture of alcohol, gin and ammonia. Or you can wet the place with ammonia-water; then lay white, soft paper over it and iron with a hot iron. Or rub French chalk on the wrong side; let it remain a day; split a visiting-card, lay the rough side on the spot and pass a warm iron lightly over. Or try the old-fashioned "grease-balls," a stiff paste made of fuller's earth, saleratus and strong vinegar, molded into balls and dried. Wet the spot, scrape the ball over it, let it dry, and then wash it off with tepid water.

THE total eclipse of the sun on August 18th will be remarkable on account of the length of the land line traversed by the shadow of the moon. In fact, it will be many years before another eclipse will occur the path of which will be so continuously upon the land and so little upon the ocean. The shadow of the moon will strike the earth first at Berlin, early in the morning. It will pass eastwardly from this point, and, traversing the entire width of Russia and Siberia, will reach the Sea of Japan a little south of Vladivostok. Trending southeasterly, the shadow track will pass across Hondo, the main island of Japan, in a line running from Niigata, upon the western coast, to Mito. The observers upon the streets of Tokio will be favored with a sight of the eclipse a little south of the line of totality. The giant shadow will rise and disappear from the surface of the earth at a point nearly 1,000 miles east of Japan in the Pacific Ocean. The eclipse will be observed by two American parties—one in Japan and the other in Russia—and observations will be taken by astronomers at various points in Siberia.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 9TH.—In Boston, Mass., Samuel M. Weston, formerly Headmaster of Roxbury High School, aged 68 years; at the Forrest Home, Philadelphia, George G. Spear, veteran actor, aged 77 years. JULY 10TH.—In Louisville, Ky., General Walter C. Whittaker, aged 63 years; in Richmond, Staten Island, John W. Mersereau, aged 80 years. JULY 11TH.—In Hartford, Conn., the Rev. William W. Turner, formerly Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, aged 87 years. JULY 13TH.—In New York, James Pyffe, retired merchant, aged 87 years. JULY 14TH.—In New York, Manuel de Rivas, of the Stock Exchange, aged 38 years; in New York, James M. Conner, of the Conner firm of type-founders, aged 62 years; in St. Louis, Mo., F. Cowan, Supreme Keeper of Records and Seals of the Knights of Pythias; in Prussia, Alfred Krupp, the great gun-manufacturer, aged 75 years. JULY 15TH.—In San Francisco, Cal., Frank Turk, a well-known pioneer, aged 69 years; in New Orleans, La., Pere Adrien Roquette, missionary of the Choctaw Nation, aged 74 years; in Petersburg, Va., Judge Joseph S. Budd; in Woonsocket, R. I., Dr. Ariel Ballona, aged 82 years; in New York, Vice-president Alfred E. Hill, of the Stock Exchange, aged 49 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

GRAPE-ROT is reported all through the Piedmont section of Virginia, and the crop has been virtually destroyed.

THE Pope's envoy to Ireland is engaged in investigating the industrial and social condition of the tenant class.

TWENTY-THREE persons were drowned on Sunday, the 10th instant, by the capsizing of the yacht *Mystery* in Jamaica Bay, off Long Island.

At the first election in Utah under the Edmunds-Tucker law, held last week for the choice of School Trustees, the Gentiles carried five of the twenty-one districts.

A MEXICAN female smuggler was arrested at El Paso, Tex., recently. She was betrayed by a music-box, which she had concealed in her bustle, starting up a lively tune.

SEVENTEEN actors perished in a fire which destroyed a variety theatre at Hurley, Wis., on the 9th inst. In all, property to the value of over \$500,000 was swept away by the conflagration.

A BILL has been reported favorably in the lower branch of the New Hampshire Legislature which proposes to confer municipal suffrage upon women, and permit them to hold all municipal offices.

EX-GOVERNOR FOSTER of Ohio thinks that Senator Sherman will be nominated as the Republican candidate for President, and that Governor Foraker will be renominated and re-elected in the coming Ohio election.

THE English Liberals have gained another seat from the Conservatives, having carried the election of Coventry. They also greatly reduced the Tory majority in North Paddington, one of the strongholds of Conservatism.

It is stated, with some show of authority, that there are between 400 and 500 clerks dispensing drugs in New York who are not graduates in pharmacy. The Health Board should insist that these clerks pass an examination, and register, as required by law.

PRESIDENT BARRILLOS of Guatemala evidently does not approve the Constitutional reforms introduced in 1879. He has suspended the Constitution, thereby making himself Dictator, and convoked a Constituent Assembly to meet in October for the specific purpose of undoing the reforms referred to.

THE City of Rome, Georgia, has voted in favor of liquor prohibition by a majority of 520. At the election held on the 10th inst. large numbers of women and children surrounded some of the polling-places, working hard for the prohibition cause. When the result was announced, many were overcome with emotion and wept.

THE *Official Gazette* of Reichsland publishes an edict which requires that after the close of the present year the use of the French language in judicial pleadings shall be suppressed. The edict also provides that the use of French in judicial documents shall be suppressed at the close of the year 1888. This edict applies to Metz and other tribunals of commerce.

GERMAN animosity against France has been greatly intensified by the revelations of the recent trials of German officials accused of selling official information to the French Government. The leading German newspapers are urging a policy of reprisals, some of them declaring that further acquiescence in hostile espionage is impossible. These declarations are significant, being undoubtedly officially inspired.

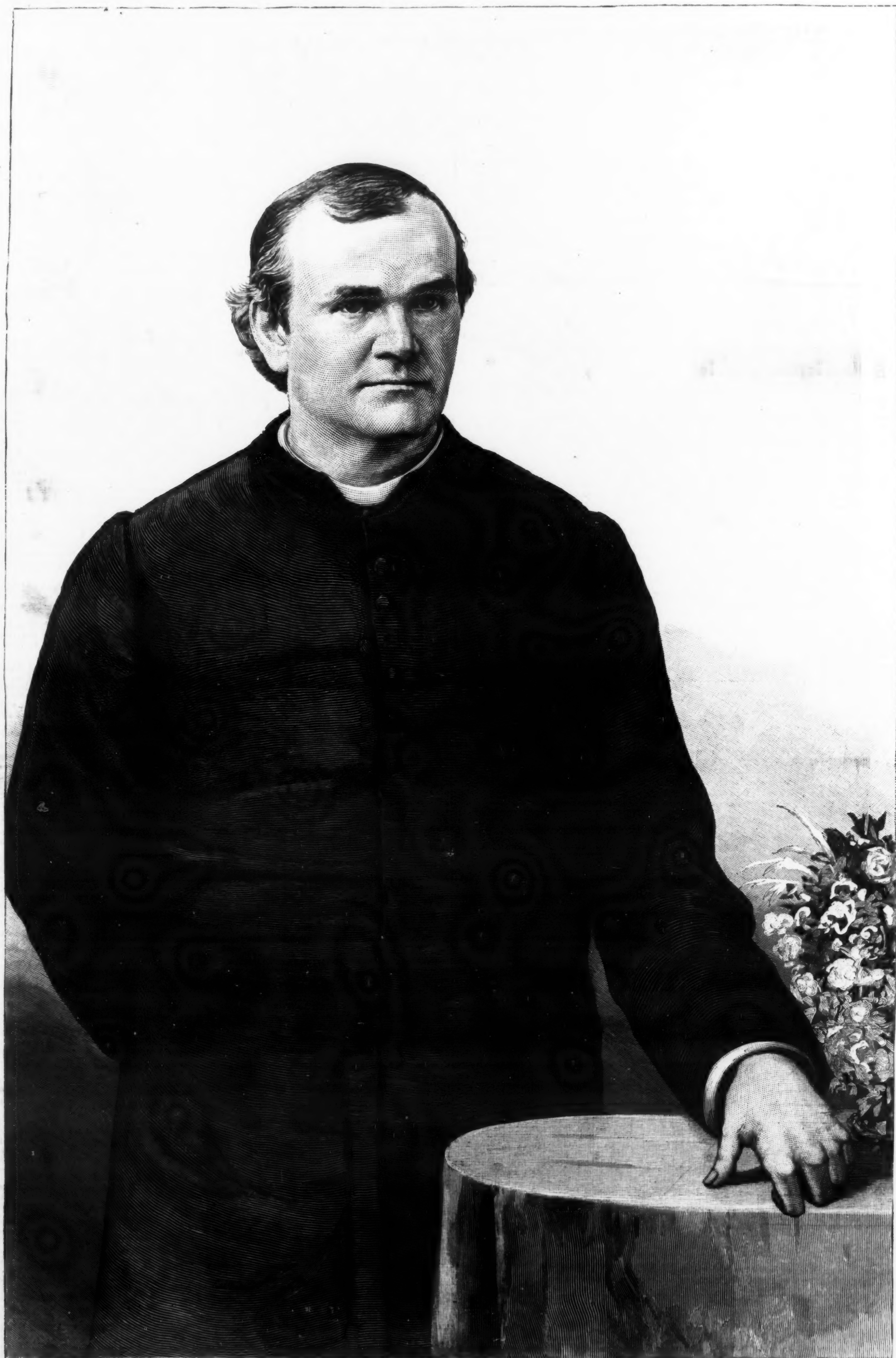
ON account of the compulsory reforms brought about by the Opéra Comique fire, Paris is likely to have no theatres before November next, and even then it is a question as to the number. The managers naturally protest. The mere opening of a centre passageway to the orchestra seats entails a sufficient loss to "paralyze" the meagre profits of many. No change is to be made to the Opéra, but the Français will be closed for over a month. Nothing is yet decided for the Opéra Comique.

THE vote by which the Crimes Bill passed the House of Commons was 349 to 264. Heretofore the Ministry have been able to count with confidence on 150, and the reduction of the majority to 85 very naturally elicited hearty cheers from the Liberals and Home Rulers. In the Commons, the Government Land Bill has been vigorously assailed by Lord Randolph Churchill and others, and some of the features being obnoxious to the Tories, its passage is not probable unless amendments are allowed.

A CONVENTION of master house-painters, held in New York last week, discussed at length the question of apprenticeship, and finally adopted resolutions recommending, first, a four years' term of apprenticeship; second, a certificate at the end of the term, signed by the master and indorsed by the officers of the National Association; third, a pledge by the masters not to employ another's apprentice without his permission; and, fourth, a guarantee by the master to make a competent workman of the apprentice. These are all steps in the right direction.

News was brought by the steamship *Mariposa*, which arrived at San Francisco on the 9th inst., of a bloodless but successful revolution at Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands. The populace rose against King Kalakaua, overthrew the Gibson Ministry, and appointed a popular Cabinet. The King, who was thoroughly intimidated, was not compelled to abdicate; but he is virtually divested of power, and has promised a new Constitution, together with some important reforms. Queen Kapiolana, who has been to England and obtained from the British Government a loan of \$2,000,000, arrived in New York on Monday of last week, and is now on her way home.

THE monument over the grave of Israel Putnam, the Revolutionary hero, at Brooklyn, Conn., for which the State appropriated \$10,000, will be dedicated June 17th, 1888, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Its site, opposite the Post-office, on the main street of the village, is the gift of Hon. Thomas S. Marlor, formerly of this city, and is now being improved and beautified at his expense. The remains of General Putnam, in remarkable preservation, were lately removed from the Brooklyn cemetery to the new site, and the old tombstone, with the inscription prepared by President Timothy Dwight of Yale College, was deposited in the rooms of the State Historical Society at Hartford. As one result of the causeless jealousy of a small faction of the citizens of Brooklyn at the acceptance of Mr. Marlor's munificent gift by the town, the grave of Putnam was passed unnoticed and unhonored at the recent Decoration Day observances.

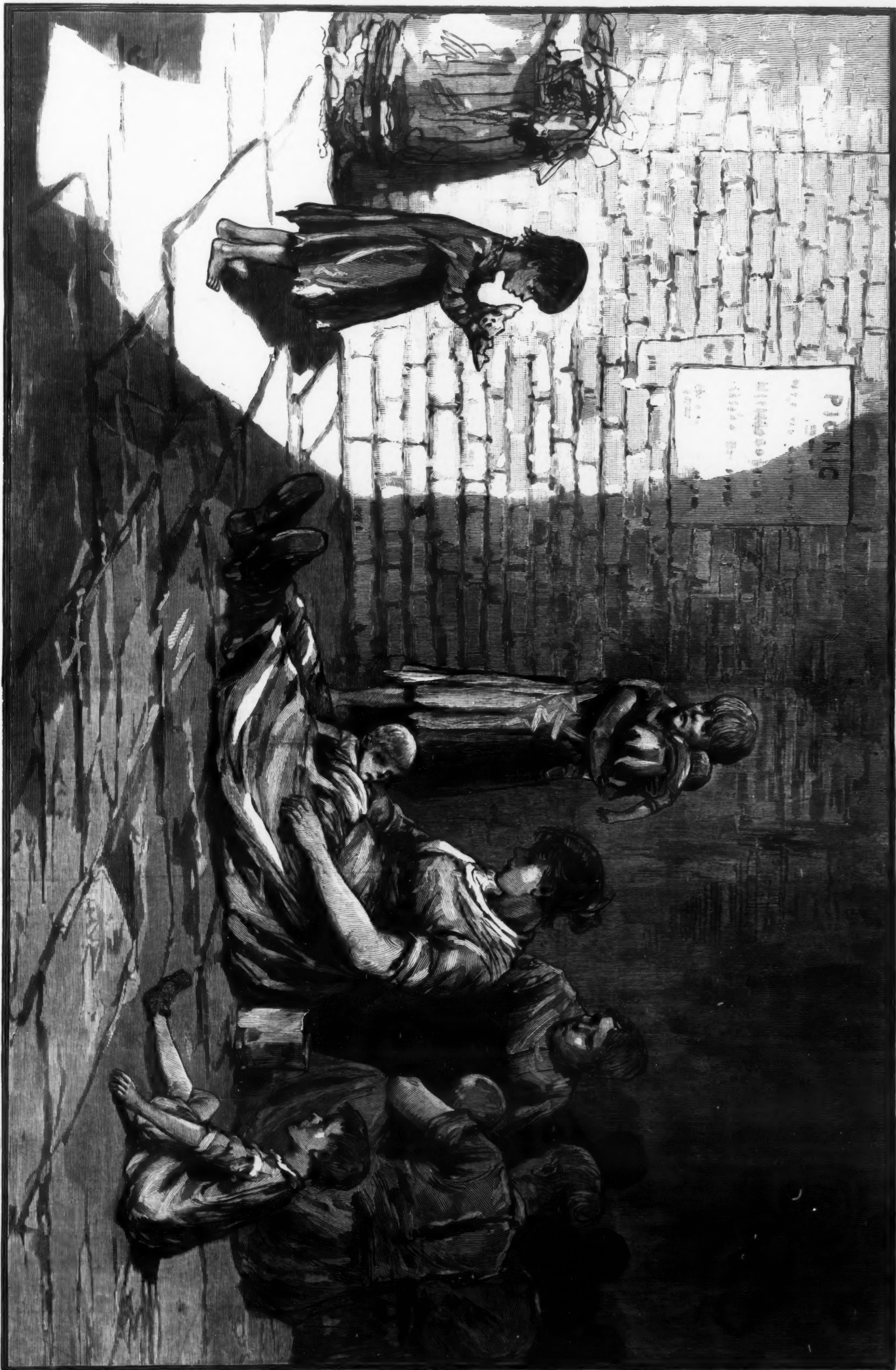


NEW YORK CITY.—REV. DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN, PRESIDENT OF THE ANTI-POVERTY SOCIETY, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, JULY 10TH.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 369.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE INSPECTION BY THE SUMMER CORPS OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH OF THE CONDITION OF THE POOR - A SCENE IN AN ALLEY IN MULBERRY STREET, WITH THE THERMOMETER AT NINETY-SIX DEGREES IN THE SHADE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 375



A WEB OF FATE:

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

By LIEUTENANT RODNEY.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

ON that same morning, Hertha, having sent off her white horse with the excellent little Mexican, and knowing Fury to be too vicious to ride at leisure through the camp, had left the blue Belton, Nickel, to guard Luisa and the servant woman, and taking the lately recovered Jörn for escort, went into Antelope Camp, to get some medicine and fruit for Luisa.

Luisa's busy hands had ceased their knitting, and she was too prostrated to distress herself that there were no cold, calm eyes now to awe overzealous admirers of the fairest of Scandinavians, as she walked through the mining-camp. On the road, Hertha met the doctor, going to see Luisa.

"What is the matter with Luisa?" she demanded, anxiously.

"It is a general breaking down," said the doctor, indefinitely.

"But can you not strengthen her? Is there not something to give her? She has every care, she can have every luxury. Doctor, I must have Luisa helped. She is the only mother I have ever known."

"Even real mothers die," said the doctor.

"Yes, yes, I know; but Luisa is not very old; she has had an easy life—she is of strong stock—why should she break down in this way? Doctor, do, do think of what will help her."

The doctor knew that Luisa's case was hopeless—it was as well to prepare this girl for the inevitable. He shook his head.

"Youth and beauty," he said, "plead vainly in the inexorable Court of Death."

"Death!" cried Hertha. "I will go back to her. I will never leave her again!"

She turned towards home.

"Stop," said the doctor. "Death will not come for some days, perhaps not for many days. You are going into camp for what is needed. Go, then; when you return, you will be more calm—you will be able to sustain and console her."

Hertha, indeed, felt that she could not just then meet Luisa. Once more she turned towards the camp. Her step was slow. As she passed down the narrow street of newly built shanties, a pair of black eyes were fastened, not on her, but on the dog. A Mexican woman with a child in her arms, rushed from a doorway, crying, "Señora! Señora!"

Lost in sorrow, Hertha neither heard nor heeded. The woman came up with her, laid hold of Jörn's chain, and cried, "Tis he! Tis he!"

"It is my dog," said Hertha, shortly.

"Oh, Santa Maria! He has the moons on his head!"

"Have you seen him before? Let him go. I am in haste."

"Maria Madre! Señora, listen. She sent a message to you. She said, 'Francía, never forget, I send word to him, Señor—' Alas, Beatissima Madre! I quite forgot the señor's name! I deserve to sink into torment. I vowed to remember it, and I forgot—only it was some part of an American wagon! Alas! the name is gone from me, and she said I must remember, for she was dying—and indeed, by Santo Miguel, she is pale and thin, though more beautiful than ever, and although she is a heretic, the Blessed Madre will take her at once to glory, for her goodness."

"What is the matter? Whom do you speak of? What of the dog?"

"Gracious Virgin! To-morrow I shall set out on foot to the Signal Office, to speak to the gallant caballero, though my husband says it is folly, with the child in my arms, and a long journey just done."

"For Heaven's sake," cried Hertha, "explain yourself! The Signal Office? What young lady? Where? What is wrong?"

"She is dying—she is heartbroken, she says the caballero has ceased to love her. She is captured by wicked people, and if she is not rescued, she will die!"

"Are you speaking of Hilda?" cried Hertha.

"Oh, Madre gloriosa! Señora, you have said it! Her name is Hilda!"

"Where is she? Tell me quick!" urged Hertha, seizing Francis's arm.

"Beautiful lady, she said, 'Look for the dog with moons on his head, and say to who owns him to come quick with men enough to rescue me, for I am kept here by four villains.'"

"Where?—tell me the place. Speak plainly."

"I am doing most noble English. No one ever learned English so fast as I, señora. The place is thirty miles from here, straight in that direction. You take the road, the trail by the ten monuments. You go to the six palo-verde trees—you turn once to the right, then take each road that opens east. Señora, the house is an adobe—off the main road; behind it woods, near it a stable, no other houses; but over the door is a Holy Mother in red pottery. And I'm sure she is sick and like to die. To think of the sin that is done in stealing a lovely little lady, who speaks like an angel, who gave me ribbons, who kissed my baby, who says her prayers every night as faithfully as the Blessed Virgin herself could wish."

Hertha had recovered all her presence of mind. Grief for Luisa must not hinder the rescue of Hilda. She told Francis that she herself would send a message to Kenneth Moray; she wrote down carefully Francis's rambling directions, sifting them until she had a tolerably clear itinerary. Then she made her purchases for Luisa, and set off at a swift pace for home. Surely now Hilda would soon be recovered. It was not two weeks since Francis had seen her. As she hurried on, she reckoned that six or seven men would be quite enough to bring back Hilda safely. Surely Miguel would soon return with the white

horse, and it could be sent for Hilda. Her father, Sen, with two miners whom he trusted, an officer of the peace, and two men chosen by him, could set off that afternoon. They would reach the adobe by dawn, when its inmates expected no attack. They could surprise them, and rescue the girl promptly. For herself, she must stay by Luisa, and make all ready for Hilda. Meantime, she would send a message to Kenneth.

She sprang along over the turf, full of energy, of these hopes and plans. She had not even a thought for Von Helde. He had remained away thirty-six hours after she had rejected his suit. Since then he had come to the house twice each day, but had seen little of Hertha, as she had been engaged in nursing Luisa.

As Hertha hurried on, planning how quickly her father could get off on his expedition to rescue Hilda, she looked up, and saw moving toward her house a little procession that struck terror to her soul. The miners, whom she knew to be working in the sections of Kenneth, Chelmy and Sen Axel, had closed together, and marched with slow steps, bearing some burden. Among those who walked thus was not Sen Axel. Was it, then, Sen Axel whom they carried? The miner with whom Baron von Helde lodged detached himself from the others, and advanced towards Hertha, who ran with fleet steps to meet him.

"My father!" cried Hertha.

"He has fallen in a fit, Miss Axel; we are bringing him in."

"The doctor has gone!" cried Hertha, thinking quick as a flash. "He goes from us to Tampous Ranch. Take my father's horse from our stable, and ride after him for life or death!"

The men darted off, and Hertha did not go towards her father. She knew that would not help him. They were bringing him in. She flew towards the house, closed the two doors between Luisa's room and the passage that led to her father's chamber, set open the outer door of that, for him to be carried in, and made ready the bed. When Sen Axel was laid down, Hertha, without loss of a second, cut off the closely knotted cravat that he would always wear, and swiftly and dextrously had him undressed in five minutes.

"He ought to be bled," said one of the men.

"I could do it if I had a lancet."

Hertha ran to her box of taxidermist's tools and got what would serve for a lancet. In care for her father, all thought of Hilda had vanished; the one idea now was to save this good gray head. She had no lamentations to utter, but more than one of the miners standing by felt his eyes moist with unbidden dew as he looked at her face. She had two guardians and relatives in Arizona; one was dying here before her—the other was dying in the room on the opposite side of the adobe.

"Take heart, miss," said one of the men. "He'll get better. They allus do after the first one. They has mostly three. He may live ten years before he gets them all. Cheer up a bit."

In truth the crisis with Sen seemed passing by; his face was less purple, his breathing less stertorous. As immediate fear for him was relieved, Hertha resorted to the dear Hilda. The girl must not be left longer in her cruel position. But whom should she send for her? She thought of Baron von Helde, her Herr Richter. She felt sure that he would gladly do her errands, although she had refused to be his wife. She must see him. For an hour she debated between going to see the baron in behalf of Hilda and dread of leaving her father. Finally the needs of Hilda seemed the greater, and delay mere selfishness. She kissed Sen Axel, begged one of the men to watch him closely, found that Luisa was sleeping, unconscious of her brother's illness, and then, wrapping a scarf over her head, she set out on a run for the baron's home, her two dogs running with her.

Over the mesa he saw her coming to him, the idol of his dreams. For several days he had been the most miserable of barons. Here was this beloved girl whom he adored, and she did not adore him enough to be ready for his sake to leave two whom he was sure were strangers to her. He felt confident that the girl was his cousin Hilda; he had made himself believe that, because he wished to believe it, and some things pointed thereto; and yet she could not leave for him, her ardent lover, two strange people who had kidnapped her! Indeed, she had avoided him since she had heard his tale of love. But now she was coming!—the sun on her golden hair; the wind waving her scarf—coming in haste, in eagerness—to him! He rushed to meet her; he caught her hands in his.

"Hertha, are you coming to me?"

"Oh, I want you to help me!"

"I would give my life for you!"

"My poor father is very ill—perhaps dying."

"I will go to him. Shall I ride for a doctor? Command me!"

"It is not that. The doctor is sent for—and he has nurses; but to-night he had something to do, something very, very important—and now he cannot do it! No one can help me but you!"

"Thank Heaven! I don't want any one else to help you. Is the work at the camp or at the mines?"

"Neither. I have a friend—my dearest friend in the world—"

The baron's face grew black.

"A young girl of my own age—"

The baron looked serene as May.

"She was kidnapped by some monsters, and we have been looking for her everywhere for months. It has broken my heart to think of it, for she is the sweetest, gentlest darling."

"It was a strange story, considering the circumstances."

"I am to seek her for you!" cried the baron.

"Where? I will do it?"

"There are a number seeking for her, but to-day I have heard where she is, through a Mexican woman. She sent me a message—it is not two weeks old. I have in this paper full instructions; she is

but thirty miles off. She could be reached by morning. Oh, how happy I should be to see her safe!"

"You shall be happy," said the baron; "I will bring her to you in twenty-four hours!"

"You will need horses, and seven men—armed men, who know the country—two or three officers of the peace among them."

"I will take the entire Antelope Camp, if needful," said the baron, enthusiastically, "if only her coming can make you glad. If I can have from you a smile for it, if—if you will give me my reward, most beloved Hertha—"

"I have said—" cried Hertha, her face celestial rosy red.

"You have said *that*, loveliest girl?" urged the baron.

"I have said that I would—"

"Tell me what, this instant!" cried the enraptured Von Helde, catching her in his arms.

"That I would marry the man that brought my Hilda back!"

That word "marry" obliterated the name of Hilda in the baron's ears.

"I will bring her!" he cried; "no one else shall do it. If I see another before me, I will shoot him on the spot!"

"I must go," said Hertha. "There is the paper of directions. Go to the camp for men and horses. Take some one who knows the country. Do not come back without my darling girl. Hope of seeing her will be my sole comfort as I watch beside my poor father."

She pulled her hand from his, and fled back to her home. The baron was in a whirl of joy. What girl he was to rescue he neither knew nor cared. To rescue any girl would be an act of gallantry which he should delight to perform; but to accomplish so delectable an action and receive as a reward the hand of the adorable Hertha! Love winged the baron's feet. He lost no time in reaching Antelope. When he called together various dwellers in the camp and explained his errand, there was no difficulty in getting men and horses.

Just as Hertha had left him, she had thrust into his hand a paper, saying: "There are the names of the men who have her imprisoned, I think." These names the baron bethought himself to read to his little cavalcade, as they gathered for supper at the Antelope Hotel, before setting out. They were, to his astonishment, "Takeswood, Sol Cramm, Rupe Moth." By this time, Hertha and Hilda, their respective identities, histories and names were so inextricably mixed and confused in the baron's brain, that he gave up all idea of disentangling them. All he knew was that he passionately loved a maid with golden hair and black eyes, and that she had sent him forth to rescue the friend of her heart. But when the baron read the names "Takeswood, Sol Cramm, Rupe Moth," a howl of execration rose up from his hearers.

"Stage-robbers! Lynch 'em! They shot young Moray last year! Rupe Moth! Takeswood—oh, yes! Cramm—hanging is too good for him! Tried to blow the stage up with giant powder!"

"I was on the stage myself!" cried an old Hassyampa. "We should have shot him on the spot, but that Signalman Chelmy had some Eastern notions in his head, and he had us put him in jail at Vulture, and he got out. I'd go forty miles for the satisfaction of swinging Cramm to the nearest tree."

But at that hour Sol's bones were bleaching in the gully, and he had followed his crimes to judgment.

"There's another name; I missed it—'Ah Wing, a Chinaman.'"

"Ah Wing—he's the one, no doubt, that cooked at the corral below for Moray. He went off with Rupe Moth, they said. Up, then, boys! we're off! Here's luck to us, to our coming back, and a good strong tree-limb for Takeswood, Cramm and Co."

Baron von Helde had never expected he should head such a desperado-looking gang as that which he now impatiently preceded in the last rays of the setting sun. They were good fellows and honest, but they did not look it, and the bold baron looked rather like a Spanish bandit, or one of his own middle-age freebooting ancestors, than like a nineteenth-century gentleman. Sombrosos deepened the twilight shadows on the ruddy Saxon faces; short jackets showed the cartridge-full revolver-belts; out of the top-boots gleamed the inlaid handles of Spanish knives; spurs shone, rifles or shotguns were slung across each back; and so up and away to the rescue of Hilda, six stout men armed to the teeth!

"Ah Wing, a Chinaman"—this had the baron read off his paper. When he read those words, it so happened that Ah Wing was lying flat on the ground under a big cactus that grew beside the round, ruined fort on the stage route between Vulture and Hassyampa Creek. Ah Wing uttered doleful moans; these moans penetrated to the ear of a disconsolate little gentleman who was riding slowly along the stage-track—Horace Anvers. He had searched for Hilda nine long months, and he could not find her; he had no success to plead as reason for a "Yes" from Hertha. To Horace, life was now vague and unmeaning as when he had been a dude. He looked very little like a dude now, sunburnt, armed, clad in corduroy. The moans of Ah Wing seemed at first to Horace like echoes from his own soul. Then he looked more narrowly, and found the Chinaman. "Hullo! what's up?"

"Me velly muchee dead," moaned Ah Wing.

"Boah, man! never say die," said Anvers, dismounting and pouring a little brandy down Ah Wing's throat.

"Me no mo' s'lee B'loss Molay—"

"Oh, he's not far off, only a few miles; nibble a bit of this biscuit. Put down this quinine pill, and I'll give you another nip of brandy—you've a touch of chills, eh? What do you want of Mr. Moray?"

"Tell B'loss Molay fin' p'letty gel allee samee he wife!"

"Ho! what! hillo! Look alive, man. Do you know where Miss Calvert is? D'ye see this gold piece? Want it? Want more?"

"Muchee. Ah! Ah Wing no velly b'lad man; he makee big little mistake. 'B'loss Molay shall have p'letty gel.'"

"I'm his friend, his cousin, his neighbor, allee samee him brother—confound your lingo!" yelled Anvers, in an agony to discourage pigeon English. "Speak up. Tell me where Miss Calvert is—I'll take you to a bed—I'll take care of you—I'll give you gold pieces. Out with it, you confounded celestial! don't roll up your eyes and die in the middle of it."

Ah Wing, thus adjured, by aid of more brandy managed to tell how Hilda could be found, but besought Anvers to take "a hun'led men—dem C'lamman an' T'lakeswood a'ful at'long."

Anvers, confused with eagerness and joy, managed, like a good Samaritan, to set Ah Wing on his own beast, to convey the Chinaman to a little hotel at Vulture, pay the landlord, not two pence, but two dollars, for him, give him more quinine, and after that he went out to get, not a hundred men, but eight or ten, to accompany him to the rescue of Hilda. The men from Vulture said they could not start until three in the morning. They would get about where Ah Wing had directed Horace to go by three or four in the afternoon. They took along a rope with which to hang the giant-powder man, and some fetters for Rupe Moth and Takeswood, whom they meant to bring to book for having shot Kenneth Moray.

Just before dawn this small but courageous army left Vulture, the aforetime dude riding valiantly at its head, looking like a very little David, or perhaps like a Goliath viewed through the wrong end of a spyglass!

To return a few hours to the time when Ah Wing is yet stumbling, sick and sad, towards Vulture, and Hertha is talking with Francis at Antelope Camp. Then it was that honest Miguel came in sight of the Signal Office, and then did he put spurs to his white horse, and ride most furiously for half a mile, and at that door where first we saw Kenneth leaning, waiting for the stage, did Miguel rein up a panting and foaming steed, until it almost toppled backwards, and there did he fling himself to earth, as one exhausted with vast haste in a good cause, and there also did he puff and pant, and taking from his pocket a very dirty parcel—three days overdue—he entered the Signal Office, and asked the holy angels to tell him which of the three gentlemen there sitting might be Mr. Kenneth Moray. One gentleman was Lansing, desponding, out of all conceit with himself—his chair tilted back to the wall, whittling a stick, and whistling dolefully "The Last Rose of Summer." Another gentleman was Chelmy, come within two days from the East to assist Moray at his old station, and now looking anxiously at Kenneth, who lay on a lounge, thin, pale and feverish, and in bad case indeed. When Chelmy looked at Kenneth, he shook his head and prognosticated evil, and much as he admired both Hilda and Hertha, wished that girls had never been born to trouble this world. When Miguel, entering, piously addressed the saints, it was Chelmy who answered him, looking up from the telegraph-key on the table, and pointing over his shoulder at Kenneth. Miguel held out his disreputable packet, and Kenneth, slowly, as one who has grown heart-sick of all the world, looked at it and tore it open. But in an instant his eye lighted. He sat up; he spread out the silken band.

"It's her work!" he cried. "A message from my own little Hilda. She lives yet!"

Lansing and Chelmy rushed to examine the treasure.

"This is some of her work. Where did it come from? Quick, let me see! This note is from Hertha:—"

"DEAR KENNETH: My dog Jörn, that was lost from Mr. Lansing, has just come home with this collar on. What does it mean? I send it to you, as I recognize the flags such as you and Chelmy had on your uniform-sleeves. Jörn is very thin, as if he had come a long way. I hope this is news from our Hilda. HERTHA."

Kenneth turned to the collar, and read: "Send Help," "Give Information"—then his own number, and the flags meaning U. S. S. C. But Kenneth was a closer investigator than Hertha. He took out his knife and ripped the band; found the kerchief-hem, and read the message: "Hilda wants help. She is in the hills, near Turkey Creek. House alone, off road. Tell K. Moray, U. S. S. C." Kenneth leaped up wildly.

"Lansing! Call the men from the corral. Get the men from the shops. Chelmy, get our arms—we must be off. We will rescue her—off!"

But he staggered and fell senseless. The strain was too much.

"He cannot go," said Lansing. "I will go with the men. Chelmy, you will care for him."

To get horses, men, arms, a guide, and to arrange for Kenneth, who lay very ill and unconscious, took hours. One delay and another arose. However, Chelmy sent Miguel off, with many monitions and threats, and a letter to Hertha, and Lansing, with his four men at his back, rode off at last, preceding by about an hour the company led by Anvers. And here was the third party making their way towards the hiding-place of Hertha.

(To be continued.)

THE CITY OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.

OF all the cities in the "New South," none have assumed a stronger or more durable position in the industrial movement now prevailing in that section than Knoxville, Tenn. No city has furnished more material for the history of its own State than Knoxville. The town was originally laid off by General James White in 1793, and named in honor of General Knox, Secretary of

War during Washington's Administration. The first Constitution of the State was adopted by a convention which convened in Knoxville. In 1834 the town had a population of 1,500; in 1860 it had 5,000; in 1870 an increase to 8,000; in 1880 there were 18,000 souls, and at present the population is over 35,000, and increasing rapidly.

The first Legislature that ever met in Tennessee convened in Knoxville, in 1797. The old Capitol building, a two-story frame, is still standing, and is now used as a tenement-house. Among the old buildings of the city is the residence of Tennessee's first Governor, William Blount. It is an antique, moss and vine covered habitation, overlooking the banks of the beautiful Tennessee River. Fort Saunders, in the western part of the city, remains nearly the same as the war left it, and has many memories connected with it. The homes of Parson Brownlow, Horace Maynard and the late Judge Baxter, besides those of other noted men, are in Knoxville, and the houses where they lived are prized very highly by the people.

But the city's claim to historic eminence is secondary to its beautiful location and its prospects for increased prosperity. The hills of Knoxville, lying along the north bank of the Tennessee River, were ordained by nature to be the site of a picturesque and splendid city. The work of man in the building of Knoxville has corresponded to that of nature in the provision of a site, and as the stranger views the city, he feels that her title, "Queen City of the Mountains," is in the fullest sense descriptive. The people of Knoxville unhesitatingly claim it to be the handsomest city in the South.

Its elevation of one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the natural drainage of its streets, with its central location in the Tennessee Valley, between the Cumberland and Unaka range of mountains, render the city one of unusual attraction for the seeker of a milder climate or invalid in search of that best of all possessions, sound health.

Comparisons for a number of years show the city's mean temperature to have been for Summer 75 degrees, and for Winter 40 degrees; thus giving a hospitable climate without the extremes of the tropics or States bordering on the north.

Conservation has been one of the main obstacles to Knoxville's material development and progress. This is passing rapidly away, and a new era is dawning for the people. The business interests of the city are now carried on by the young men, and manufacturers are applying more capital and expending additional energy in all their enterprises.

The lack of proper railroad facilities has retarded Knoxville's progress as a manufacturing city, but products in this line yield annually a sum exceeding \$6,000,000. The city contains the largest marble mill in the world, extensive woolen and cotton factories, car and zinc works, and a number of large mills and foundries.

Knoxville excels any city of its size in the country as a commercial centre. Situated in the geographical centre of East Tennessee, and contiguous to Southwestern Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, Western North Carolina and Northern Georgia, its merchants command an immense trade, amounting to nearly \$25,000,000 every twelve months.

The city is well supplied with religious and educational institutions. It has twenty-five white and ten colored churches, representing all denominations, and an excellent system of public schools. Here are located the University of Tennessee and State Agricultural School, the Tennessee School for the Deaf, a large college and two industrial training schools for colored children. A number of handsome public buildings are found in Knoxville. Among them is the United States Custom House, built out of native marble. From this the pensioners of all the Southern States are paid. A new \$125,000 court-house, an asylum for the insane, that cost over \$200,000, and a handsome public library, worth \$50,000, presented to the city by Colonel C. M. McGhee, a millionaire resident, may also be mentioned.

The people are well supplied with gas, electric lights, waterworks, and street-car facilities, but lacking in hotel accommodations, although the present hotels are kept in good style.

The stranger finds in Knoxville more religious and political freedom than in many cities North. Church members aid each other in every laudable enterprise to advance the cause of Christianity, regardless of denominational connection. Politics are seldom heard of except during important elections.

Three daily papers, the *Journal*, *Republican*, and *Tribune* and *Sentinel*, Democratic, are alive to the interests of Knoxville and its people, and are aiding in the general development. The city is in the centre of the principal coal, marble and iron fields of the South, and surrounded by millions of feet of lumber yet in the forest.

An influx of Northern and Eastern capital, materially aided by local enterprise, has caused a period of general development never dreamed of in East Tennessee. New marble quarries and iron and coal mines are being constantly opened, and Knoxville is the general shipping-point for all the products of these new industries. To make this development what it should be, Knoxville must have more railroads, and steps are now being taken to secure new connections north and south.

Knoxville's Mayor, James C. Luntrell, is a wide-awake business man, cares but little for politics, but is a splendid representative of the progressive ability of the plucky little city, nestled in among the mountains. He was elected to the mayoralty for his first term without opposition, and was re-elected over several formidable candidates by a handsome majority.

Knoxville's outlook is indeed a bright one, and its people are fully alive to the importance of developing the resources which abound all around them.

THE CLINTON CENTENNIAL, AND PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S VISIT.

ON Wednesday of last week, the 13th inst., was celebrated the centennial anniversary of the settlement of the village of Clinton, N. Y., situated in Oneida County, nine miles south of Utica. The attendance of the President and Mrs. Cleveland, which added so much to the *clat* of the occasion, was due to the fact that six years of the former's early life—from 1847 to 1853—were spent in Clinton, where his father, the Rev. Mr. Cleveland, resided. The future President attended school at the Clinton Liberal Institute, and many reminiscences of his youthful days are cherished by old residents of the town. In 1854, the Cleveland family removed to Holland Patent, fifteen miles north of Utica, where the Rev. Mr. Cleveland died in the following year, and where his remains are buried. The paternal homestead at Holland Patent is now occupied by Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

The President, Mrs. Cleveland and her maid, and Colonel Lamont, left Washington on Monday, and arrived early the next morning, in a special car, at Utica. Thence the party proceeded, by the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, to Holland Patent. Arriving there at the unexpectedly early hour of 6:15, they escaped the popular greeting which was to have awaited them at the station. They proceeded directly to the old homestead, "The Weeds," which is not far from the railroad, and subsequently spent the day driving and visiting about the village, and receiving callers.

On Wednesday, in honor of the centennial and the President's visit, the town of Clinton was gayly decorated, and the whole surrounding country contributed to the crowd of spectators, at least 10,000 strangers uniting with the townpeople in the day's festivities. The President and Mrs. Cleveland were met at Utica, and conducted to Clinton on a special train, the arrival of which was hailed by the waiting thousands with great enthusiasm. Properly escorted, the President and his wife proceeded at once to the residence of Mrs. O. S. Williams, where they remained for some time, the President reviewing the procession of five divisions as it marched by. Later, he participated, at the grand stand, in the literary programme of the day. This consisted of prayer by Dr. Darling, President of Hamilton College; an address of welcome by the Rev. E. P. Powell; the historical address by Professor A. G. Hopkins, of Hamilton College; an oration by Professor Orren Root, of Hamilton College; the reading of an original poem by Clinton Scollard, of Clinton; and an address by the President. Mr. Cleveland's address was entirely reminiscent, recalling incidents of his schoolboy days in Clinton, and touching tenderly upon the memories of that home life which he there enjoyed.

Later in the day there was a banquet, at which some three hundred guests were present, and here the President received another hearty greeting. In reply to a toast, he spoke of the office of "the President of the United States," and urged that it was the duty of the people to exercise the utmost watchfulness as to the administration of the office. He said: "The citizen's duty is only performed when, in the interest of the entire people, the full exercise of the powers of the Chief Magistracy is insisted on, and when, for the people's safety, a due regard for the limitations placed upon the office is exacted. These things should be enforced by the manifestation of a calm and enlightened public opinion. But this should not be stimulated by the mad clamor of disappointed interest, which, without regard for the general good, or allowance for the exercise of official judgment, would degrade the office by further compliance with selfish demands. If your President should not be of the people and one of your fellow-citizens, he would be utterly unfit for the position, incapable of understanding the people's wants and careless of their desires. That he is one of the people implies that he is subject to human frailty and error. But he should be permitted to claim a little toleration for mistakes; the generosity of his fellow-citizens should alone decree how far good intentions should excuse his shortcomings."

After the banquet, the President and Mrs. Cleveland held an informal reception at the residence of Mrs. Williams. It was the evening of the President's party returned to Utica, where they spent the night as guests of ex-Senator Kernan. On the following day the President visited his brother at Forestport, and subsequently went to Cazenovia, where he was entertained by Secretary Fairchild.

Clinton was named after New York's illustrious Governor, George Clinton, who was seven times elected Chief Executive of the State, and held the office twenty-one years. The village was originally settled in March, 1787, by eight men, heads of families, five of whom were from the town of Plymouth, Conn. The first school at Clinton was established by Missionary Samuel Kirkland for Indians. General Washington was in hearty sympathy with the project, and Alexander Hamilton was one of the trustees named in the petition for its incorporation. Subscriptions were secured to erect a suitable building, and Mr. Kirkland gave to the institution a valuable endowment of land. This was known as the Hamilton-Oneida Academy, and much good did it accomplish among the members of the Oneida tribe of Indians in the vicinity. In 1812 Hamilton College was incorporated. The college buildings stand on a hill about a mile from the village green. In 1815 was founded the Clinton Grammar School, of which Grover Cleveland was a pupil thirty odd years ago. There are other schools in the village to-day which have a considerable membership, so that Clinton is fairly entitled to the distinction of a village of schools. It has to-day a population of 1,500, and is one of the prettiest villages of Central New York.

CRUISE OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

THE annual cruise of the Atlantic Yacht Club, now in progress, is an event of much interest in aquatic circles, and especially so to actual participants. The majority of the yachts, over forty in number, had congregated at the rendezvous at Black Rock, near Bridgeport, Conn., last Saturday noon, in readiness to begin the cruise. There were a few absentees, but these reported to Fleet Captain Marcellus before the signal to start was given on Monday morning. The yachtsmen attended divine service on one of the vessels on Sunday, and at 10 A. M. on Monday started to race to New London. Thence they go to Shelter Island. The big sloop *Atlantic* will probably join the fleet at Newport, which will be reached on Thursday. With races afloat, and balls, receptions and dinners on shore, the yachtsmen cannot want for means of enjoyment.

NEW YORK TENEMENTS INSPECTED.

THE "Summer corps" of physicians appointed by the Board of Health of New York city to visit and report upon the tenement-houses in the poorer quarters began their work last week. The condition of the crowded population of these places cannot be called desperately bad, compared with that which prevails in other great cities, or with what has existed here in times past. The Charity Organization Society, the St. John's Guild, the Fresh Air Fund, the Flower Mission, and kindred benevolent associations, have not been working in vain; while the practical interest shown by the newspaper Press in charitable movements of all kinds has undoubtedly tended to awaken the community to a quickened sense of duty in this regard. The result is a certain degree of amelioration in the conditions of life amongst that large proportion of the city's population which is between the prosperous working-people on the one hand and the paupers on the other. Yet there is

much wanting which simple justice and humanity demand. Squalid tenements in which fifty families live where twenty could not be decently accommodated; putrid cellars and garbage-choked streets and courtyards; bad plumbing and insufficient water supply; brutal landlords, who will do nothing for their tenants except under compulsion—these are common evils, which aggravate the natural ills of poverty and lend indescribable horror to destitution.

The inspecting physicians, who are assigned each to a defined district, penetrate the dark and squalid chambers, bringing encouragement and practical aid. They prescribe for the ailing babies, and distribute to sickly mothers and children tickets for the salt-water excursions of the hospital barge of the St. John's Guild. Best of all, they report minutely the sanitary condition of each house and its surroundings. Provisionally, no epidemic prevails; and though there are many poor people who are sickly, comparatively few are sick. What especially needs looking to at the present time is the doings of the landlords, the street-cleaning bureau, and the dispensary doctors; and for this purpose chiefly the new inspectors have been appointed and set to work.

THE JUBILEE PROCESSION.

A PRIVATE letter from a New York lawyer gives this description of the recent Jubilee procession in London: "From our windows at the Metropole, on Northumberland Avenue, we had a good view of the procession. Of course the whole celebration was a noteworthy historical event, and a sight of any portion of it had some interest, but aside from the momentary view of the Queen and her family the procession was a great disappointment. Excepting the Indian chiefs at the head and the royal family at the tail of the procession, all the notabilities were in closed carriages, and as the concealed kings and queens and princes passed, the crowd, with its inborn reverence for royalty worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, greeted them with shouts of 'Get under the seat!' 'Don't show yourselves!' The gorgeousness of the carriages did not equal the distinction of their occupants and their magnificence was less than that of Barnum's average wagon. The surroundings of the English royalty were, however, worthy of the event. In the actual presence of the Queen I could not but feel rather a thrill at the idea of beholding the head of the great English people, although I thought the whole system of royalty rather a useless luxury. The Queen herself is not personally attractive. She is very corpulent, with a heavy, fat and purple face. Her expression was decidedly disagreeable to me, but the papers next morning, amid their columns upon columns of silly gush, informed the readers that 'Her Majesty's face bore an expression of concern and anxiety for the welfare of her faithful subjects.' The most impressive figure was that of the Crown Prince of Germany, who led the bodyguard of the Queen, a gathering of the Queen's sons, sons-in-law and grandsons. He was dressed in white, wore a beautiful uniform, rode his horse as if he knew how, and looked like a king and a soldier. He seemed to be a prince because he was a soldier and a natural leader of men. The Prince of Wales seemed to be a soldier and perhaps a leader only because it was his princely privilege to wear a uniform."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE royal plate belonging to the British Crown is kept in two strong-rooms at Windsor Castle. If it ever should be sold it would "pan out" about \$10,000,000.

THE salmon pack on the Columbia promises to be very light, the latest report showing that only 200,000 cases were packed up to July 10th.

THE grasshopper plague is giving serious trouble in Algeria this year. The efforts made to destroy the eggs have proved useless. In one district 50,000 gallons have been collected and burned. This represents the destruction of 7,250,000,000 insects.

THE yacht *Thistle* will make the voyage across the Atlantic under one lower mast and a reefed trysail, about the size of a sixty-ton yacht's mainsail. It is intended to make practice cruises in American waters before the races for the *America's* cup.

A CLOCK recently patented in France is in imitation of a tambourine, on the parchment head of which is painted a circle of flowers, corresponding to the hour figures of ordinary dials. On examination two bees, one large and the other small, are discovered crawling among the flowers. The small bee runs rapidly from one flower to another, completing the circle in an hour, while the large one takes twelve hours to complete the circuit. The parchment surface is unbroken, and the bees simply laid upon it, but two magnets connected with the clockwork inside the tambourine move just under the membrane, and the insects, which are of iron, follow them.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, in a recent letter, tells a thrilling story of an attempt to assassinate him when the Confederate Government was at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1861. The substance of this story, on the authority of an anonymous letter, is that the Governor of Pennsylvania released from the penitentiary a noted desperado on condition that he should go to Montgomery and assassinate Davis for a reward of \$100,000. It is sufficient to say as to this story that the Governor of Pennsylvania in 1861 was Andrew G. Curtin, who, whatever else may be said of his political career, is not an assassin or a hirer of assassins. It did not need his explicit denial of Mr. Davis's charge to satisfy intelligent people of its falsity.

It has been observed in the French Army that diseases of the heart are very common. In a recent study of this subject, certain military doctors show that they arise from the fatiguing duties imposed on recruits at an age when, generally, the development of the body is not in harmony with that of the heart, being either in advance of it or behind it. In the latter case, there is hypertrophy of growth; in the former, insufficiency (the more common occurrence). An instance is given in which a regiment in garrison in the west, in 1880, had on an average twelve to fifteen men per thousand invalided annually (the normal figure for the French Army), of which number two or three had hypertrophy of the heart. A colonel came to the regiment who had very faulty notions as to the amount of drill and fatigue the men could stand. By September, 1883, the number of heart invalids had risen steadily to twenty-two out of forty-five (i. e. about one in two).

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

OSCAR WILDE has become editor of the *Lady's World* at London.

EMPERORS WILLIAM and FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria will meet at Gastein on the 25th instant.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL DRUM is said to be in failing health, and his retirement from the Army is fore-shadowed.

SEÑOR CHINCHILLA, who was formerly Captain-general of Porto Rico, will be appointed Captain-general of Cuba.

THE Iowa Prohibitionists have nominated Mr. V. G. Farnham for Governor, with candidates for other State officers.

MR. HENRY WATSON has been directed by his physicians to cancel all his engagements for public speaking in the Kentucky campaign.

CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE has entirely recovered from his illness of a year or so ago, and now appears to be in the most robust health.

It is said that Mr. George W. Childs regards as the most precious of his relics the silk hat which General Grant wore during his journey around the world eleven years ago.

THE condition of the German Crown Prince is much improved. His voice is clear, and has almost regained its normal strength. The condition of his larynx is also satisfactory.

LATE news from Stanley, the African explorer, is to the effect that he has found great difficulty in procuring supplies, and that much discontent prevailed among his men in consequence. Stanley himself was ill from the excessive heat.

VICE-PRESIDENT ALFRED B. HILL, of the New York Stock Exchange, had just announced on the floor the death of M. E. DeRivas, a fellow-member and personal friend, when he fell in a faint, and before aid could be summoned, he was dead.

ERNEST MICHAEL, the noted French traveler, who has just made a trip around the world in 240 days, says the journey can be comfortably made by those who know how to travel at a cost of \$8 a day. For \$2,000, he says, the trip can be made with the greatest comfort.

EX-SENATOR THURMAN, whose friends are urging his nomination for Governor of Ohio, has again announced that he will not be a candidate under any circumstance. The nomination will probably go to Hon. Thomas E. Powell, although Congressman Campbell has many friends.

JACOB SHARP was last week sentenced to pay a fine of \$5,000 and be imprisoned at Sing Sing for four years. He was much prostrated by anxiety as to his fate, and needed assistance in reaching and leaving the court-room. His counsel gave notice of an application for a new trial.

THE President will go to St. Louis, after all. It is well understood that he will accept the new invitation to visit that city which a big committee, representing the State of Missouri as well as the City of St. Louis, will present to him this week. His purpose is to visit St. Louis during the first or second week in October, going thence to Atlanta.

THE memory of the Garfield family is recalled by the statement that Mollie Garfield, the President's daughter, is to be married to J. Stanley Brown in September. Mr. Brown is best remembered as Mr. Garfield's private secretary, and as the man who rendered such efficient service to the President's family after his attempted assassination.

THE National Education Association, which met at Chicago last week, with an attendance of 11,000 teachers from all parts of the country, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: *President*, Aaron Gove, of Colorado; *Secretary*, James H. Canfield, of Kansas; *Treasurer*, Edwin C. Hewitt, of Illinois; *First Vice-president*, William E. Sheldon, of Massachusetts.

BISMARCK recently wrote to an aged vineyard-owner on the Rhine as follows: "I envy you your favorite occupation in the eve of your life. The vegetable kingdom repays our tender care in its behalf far more satisfactorily than politics. It was the *beau ideal* of my earlier years to picture myself as a gray-haired man, free from care, tending his garden with a pruning-knife in hand."

THE American testimonial to Mr. Gladstone was formally presented on the 9th inst., in the presence of a large number of guests. Mr. Gladstone accepted the gift in a speech of some length, in which he dwelt upon the relations of England and the United States, the sympathy of Americans with Home Rule, and the certainty of the ultimate triumph of liberty throughout the world.

A FEW days ago a Philadelphia Grand Jury found an indictment against one Louisa Erbe-line for "cave-dropping." This is probably the first indictment of the kind ever found in this country. Should she be found guilty, it will be difficult to determine the degree of her punishment, as it is not probable that the offense, as such, is specially designated in the statutes of Pennsylvania.

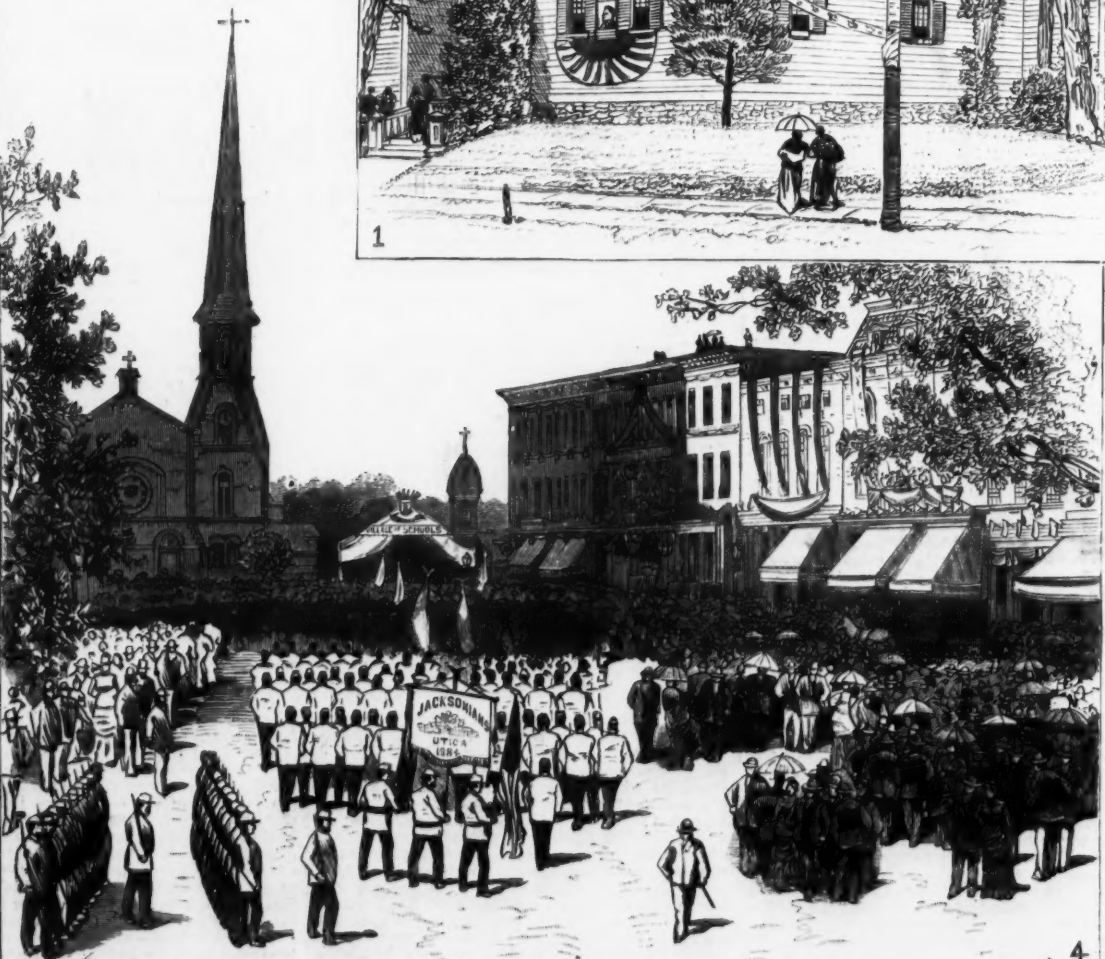
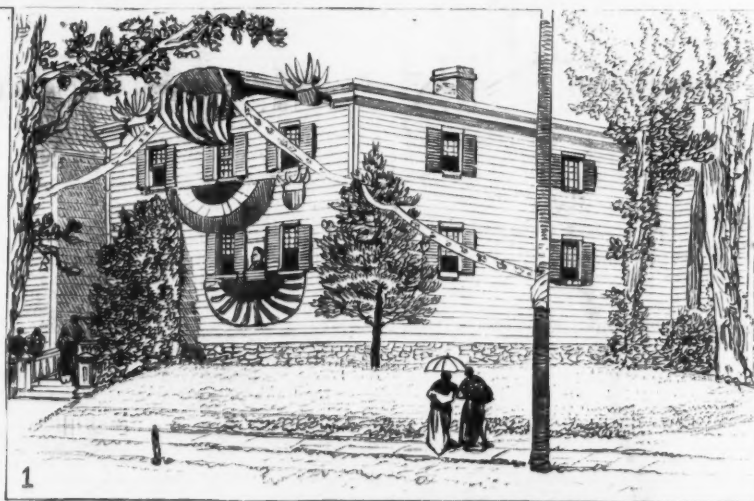
CONGRESSMAN LEWIS E. MCCOMAS of the Sixth Maryland District is said to be the champion baby-kisser south of Mason and Dixon's line. He has, during his eight years in public life, reduced baby-kissing to a fine art, and to his skill in this are mainly due his election and re-election to Congress. Before Mr. McComas became the Republican standard-bearer, eight years ago, the Sixth District had gone regularly Democratic. Since that time the Republicans have carried it.

GENERAL SIMON CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, who is in his 90th year, sailed for Europe last week, to be absent until September. He will pay a brief visit to Mr. Gladstone, and then be the guest of Charles S. Parnell, and make a tour through Ireland. He will visit Inverness, the home of the clan Cameron, and then go to Paris, where he will be entertained by President Grévy. The general had hoped to extend his trip to St. Petersburg, but the time and the fatigue of the journey have determined him to go no further than Paris.

GENERAL BOULANGER's departure from Paris for his new command was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration. At Clermont-Ferrand he was received by a vast concourse of admirers, the streets were gayly decorated and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. In replying to an address of welcome presented by the municipal authorities, General Boulanger said: "Yes, I am a Frenchman and a Republican, and I am deeply interested in the welfare of the Army and the greatness of the country." These popular demonstrations have occasioned considerable uneasiness among Government officials.



NEW YORK.—ANNUAL CRUISE OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB—THE FLEET UNDER WAY ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.—SEE PAGE 375.



1. President Cleveland's Former Home. 2. Grammar School Attended by the President when a Boy. 3. Review of the Procession by the President. 4. West Park Row, and View of the Procession.

NEW YORK.—CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF CLINTON, JULY 13TH.

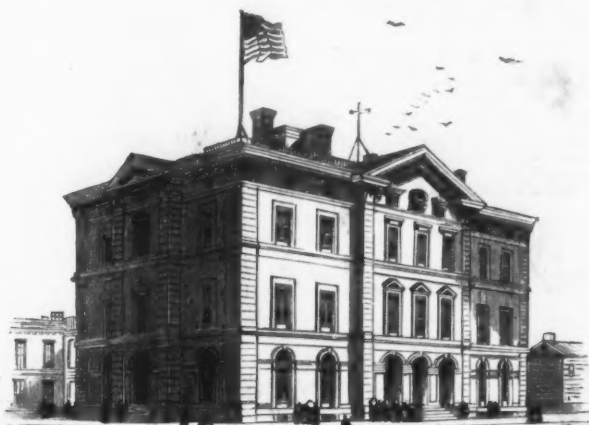
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 375.



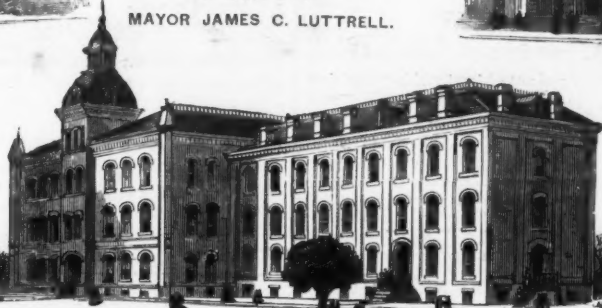
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL



MAYOR JAMES C. LUTTRELL.



CUSTOM HOUSE & POST OFFICE



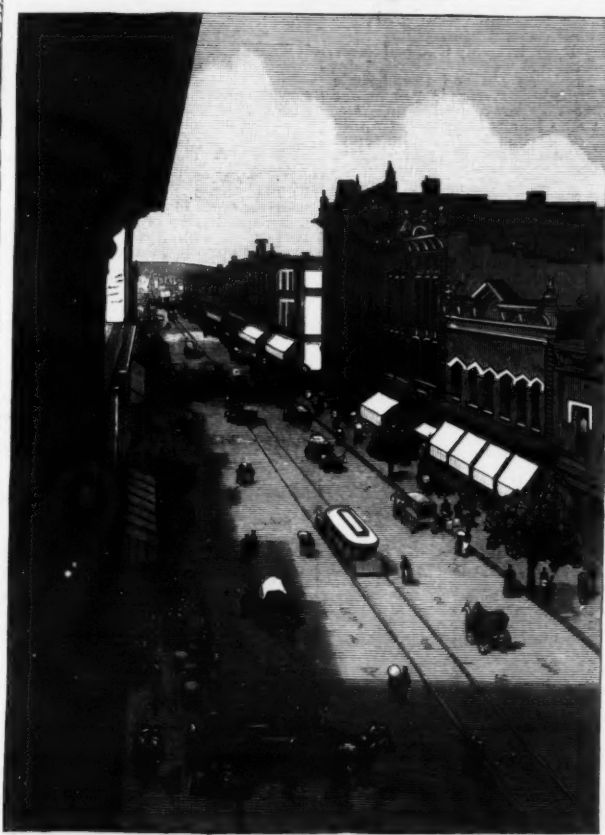
KNOXVILLE COLLEGE (COLORED)



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE PARSON BROWNLOW



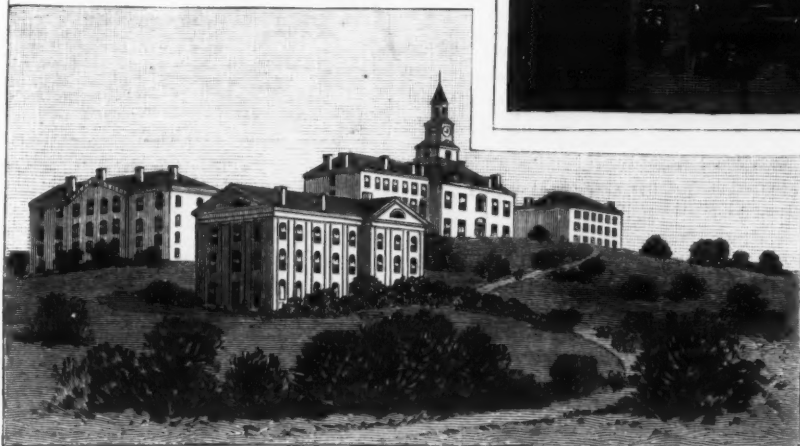
THE FIRST CAPITOL OF TENNESSEE



GAY STREET



RESIDENCE OF EX GOV. BLOUNT



UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE



NEW COURT HOUSE.



DEAF & DUMB ASYLUM



INSANE ASYLUM

TENNESSEE.—VIEWS IN KNOXVILLE, "THE QUEEN CITY OF THE MOUNTAINS."

FROM PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 374.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

GOVERNOR MARTIN of Kansas declares that the temperance laws of that State have contributed immensely to the prosperity of the cities, towns and rural districts.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for the formation of a national pool of the 86 whisky distilleries of the country, and the management of all business operations from a common centre.

A CONVENTION held in Dakota last week adopted resolutions favoring the division of the Territory on the forty-seventh standard parallel, and opposing its admission into the Union as a whole.

NEW YORK 3 per cent. bonds to the amount of \$3,000,000 were recently placed at 103½ per cent. for nearly all the loan. The bonds being for a short term, this places the credit of New York city somewhat above that of Great Britain.

A CARGO of human beings shipped "in bond" reached this city last week by way of the Canadian Pacific route. The novel freight consisted of 27 Chinamen, consigned direct to New York from California. The car containing the human freight was sealed, as in the case of other goods.

By the collision of an excursion train from Port Stanley with an oil train at the crossing of the Grand Trunk and the Michigan Central Railways at St. Thomas, Ontario, last Friday evening, a large number of lives were lost and many persons were injured. The number of dead and wounded cannot at the present writing be told, as the flames are consuming the wreck of the two trains. Nine bodies burned to a crisp have already been recovered, and the total loss of life, it is feared, will not be less than twenty.

FOREIGN.

SIR GEORGE TREVELLAIN, who has recently acted with the Liberal-Unionists, has come out squarely in support of Mr. Gladstone's policy, and is the accepted Gladstonian candidate for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow.

The latest reports from Honolulu intimate that King Kalakaua had determined not to sign the new Constitution prepared by the party which raised the recent revolt, and would defend himself in the palace until July 6th, when three British and one French men-of-war were expected at Honolulu. Then, it was thought, he would place himself under the protection of the British flag. Three American vessels have gone to Honolulu.

RUSSIA'S SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

A VERY important decision in Russian railway construction has just been made regarding a scheme which has often been ridiculed as utterly incapable of present realization. The great "through Siberian railway" right away to the Pacific is to be commenced at last. The prolongation of the railway now in progress through Ekaterinburg and Tiumen will shortly be met by several other lines, laid across the Siberian plains from the port of Vladivostok. The Emperor has approved the decision of the State Council to make immediate surveys for the laying of a railway from Tomsk to Irkutsk and Stretinsk (the last a town on the Shilka, an affluent to the Amoor), and from Lake Khanka, or Hankoi, to Vladivostok. The surveys and construction are to be confided to the Minister for War, under the guidance of the Governors-general of the Usuri, or Amoor District, and Eastern Siberia, Baron Korff and General Ignatieff. The latter is the brother of the famous diplomatist and ex-Minister. Part of the line is, if possible, to be commenced next Spring, and it is estimated that the whole may be completed in about five years. Direct communication will then be established by alternate railway and water transport between St. Petersburg and Russia's Pacific ports, occupying about fifteen days. This Siberian Pacific connecting line is of course called for by important strategic considerations. Baron Korff insists on the necessity for having a railway laid from the east of the Baikal Lake to the Shilka in order to enable him to get re-enforcements of troops from Irkutsk within a reasonable time up to his part of the Chinese frontier.

AMERICAN ALMS FOR ENGLAND.

AN eminent English statistician, Mr. Giffen, of the Board of Trade, has compiled tables which show in part the enormous sums sent back to the United Kingdom to the relatives and friends of emigrants who have gained homes in the United States. From 1848 to 1885, both years inclusive, there was forwarded from America through certain banks and mercantile houses \$155,092,935, a large part of which eventually passed into the pockets of Irish landlords. In the last six years covered by the table the contributions were greatly increased, the annual average being \$7,425,174. Of course the statement is incomplete, for certain bankers declined to furnish the required information, and a great deal of money has reached Ireland from America without going through the hands of bankers. The average annual amount remitted from Australian colonies since 1875 has been only \$289,000.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SELL'S DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD'S PRESS." London: 1887.

Mr. Henry Sell's Dictionary for 1887 is a plethoric volume of over 1,200 pages, containing by far the most complete and carefully arranged information available concerning all sorts of periodical publications in all parts of the world. Though primarily designed for that most indispensable class of newspaper patrons, the advertisers, the Dictionary contains a large amount of matter of interest to the general reader, and of statistics of value to the special student. Its articles upon the English Law of Libel, by F. O. Crump, Q. C.; upon "War Correspondents and War Correspondence," by Archibald Forbes; and upon "The Special War Artist," by F. Villiers, with his portrait; upon "Experiences of Comic Journalism," by C. E. Pearce, late editor of *Funny Folks*; "Press Associations and Agencies," with other similar features, add greatly to the merit of the work, which is also embellished by portraits of the principal English, French, German and American editors and publishers. The professional reader or advertiser seeking information as to the character, class, age, circulation, rates, etc., of publications all over the world, will find in the Dictionary just what he wants to

know, and at the end of the book a complete Political Almanac of England. The Dictionary will be forwarded, carriage paid, by Edward D. Gordon, 55 Park Place, New York, on receipt of \$2.

"MURPHY'S BUSINESS DIRECTORY AND MANUFACTURERS' REGISTER." THE JOHN L. MURPHY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.

Every business man who proposes to know who are his customers and his competitors will find Murphy's Directory for the current year more valuable than ever before. It now includes the four great Atlantic cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and next year the Chicago houses will appear. The street address of each firm, dealer and professional man is given, and the classification is systematic and thorough. In the Manufacturers' Register equal care and thoroughness are apparent, and every manufacturer of any importance in the entire country, in all the principal lines of merchandise, here appears in most convenient form for immediate reference and discovery. The merits of Mr. Murphy's work are conspicuous on every page, in the accuracy of the information and the excellent manner in which it has been made instantly available—the two most essential features in manuals of this character.

FUN.

HANDSOME men are not objectionable when they have good sense; but there is the trouble.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A LAWYER, my son, is a chap who induces two other fellows to strip for a fight, and then runs off with their clothes.—*Boston Transcript.*

WE don't question the statement that George Washington never told a lie, but he certainly was never asked by a fond mother what he thought of her cute little baby.—*Washington Critic.*

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

TO procure a faithful medical opinion as to whether or not you can probably be cured will cost you nothing if you write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For over sixteen years the wonderful triumphs of their Compound Oxygen have been going on, giving new health and renovated life to many who had never expected to be well again.

Perhaps your case is an old and troublesome chronic affection, which has carried you so far down that you almost despair of getting up again. No matter; many who had entirely given up all hope are now enjoying good health. Compound Oxygen did it. The treatise pamphlet which Drs. Starkey and Palen will mail free on request gives the whole history. Send for it, and you will find something of vital personal interest.

THE TORTILITA MINES.

THE Tortilita silver mining properties, elsewhere advertised in this paper, have proved an exceptional success since they have been placed on the Eastern market. The mines are actually producing bullion, and every few days telegrams announce shipments. The grade of the ore appears to be steadily improving, and the plant of the company for its reduction is increasing so that the yield in cash from the mines will at an early date be very considerably larger. To the great majority of stockholders in any mining enterprise, to whom personal inspection of the property and its management is impossible, the character, record and reputation of its principal owners and actual managers are matters of far greater importance, and in these respects the position of the Tortilita is exceptional.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

THE VALUE OF DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY IN MALARIAL FEVER, HEADACHE AND CONSTIPATION.

For a long time I was troubled with constipation, and at one time I was confined to my bed for two weeks with malarial fever, which my physician said was directly traceable to constipation. Finally, after continual urging on my wife's part, I consented to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. After the first trial I experienced immediate relief, headache and all disappearing. After less than two weeks' use of the Favorite Remedy I considered myself completely cured, and I now enjoy better health than I have had for three years. I earnestly recommend this medicine to any one troubled as I was.—Thos. G. Spence, 164 12th St., South Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by druggists; price one dollar. Send two cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book—how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Diseases. Mention this paper.

FLAVOR YOUR drinking-water with ten to twenty drops ANGSTURA BITTERS, and you will avoid all danger of the impurities which unfortunately abound in our water supply.

★ A MODERN MIRACLE. ★

"I am going to tell you the truth," said Mr. J. Newton Perry, of Potter Brook, Pa., whose case is one of the most remarkable in the annals of medicine. "I inherited Scrofula, and when 16 years of age a swelling appeared on my knee which soon became a running ulcer. The flesh sloughed off, then the bone began to rot, and was full of holes, like a honeycomb. 'I consulted physicians in regard to having the limb amputated. My blood was so tainted with Scrofulous poison that they said the stump would never heal. Having heard of the skill of Dr. Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and of the success of his Favorite Remedy

For Diseases of the Blood, I sought his advice. Dr. Kennedy stated that amputation was at least hopeful, providing Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the great blood purifier, was used in the after treatment. This gave me encouragement, and I had the limb removed. I began taking the Favorite Remedy, and the result is beyond anything I expected, for I was a complete reservoir of blood-poison. The stump is entirely healed by

THE PURIFYING POWER OF Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. To-day I am a sound man, thanks to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy." Mr. William Halstead, of Seaman's Express Co., 53 Harrison St., N. Y., says: "My trouble was a combination of dyspepsia, impure blood, and inactivity of the kidneys and liver. I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and have not felt a sign of the old trouble from the time I left off taking the medicine up to this hour. The poison and disease have been driven out of me."

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

◆ Rondout, N. Y. All Druggists. \$1; 6 for \$5. ◆

THE TORTILITA MINES.

DIRECT FROM HEADQUARTERS.

Tucson, Ari., July 5, 1887.

THE TORTILITA GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY, No. 57 Broadway, New York City.

Have shipped this day to Bank of California twenty-four hundred ounces fine silver, the product of By-Chance Mine for fifteen working days. The mine is looking good.

D. T. ELMORE, Superintendent.

The shipment referred to in the above telegram is worth \$2,500. It was the product of a five-stamp mill, which is the only mill that the Company now own. The two twenty-stamp mills the Company are now arranging for will increase the production twenty times with but slight additional cost. The Company own twelve mines in all, and is making preparations to develop them all as soon as they can realize sufficient money from the stock to erect two twenty-stamp mills, and procure the other machinery that will be necessary to handle the output of the mines. Those who have already invested in these properties are greatly encouraged by the excellent showing already made. They realize that with additional facilities the returns will be very satisfactory. It is the best mining property in the market. The stock is listed on the Consolidated Stock Exchange, and will be called at an early date. The subscription books are now open at the Company's office, 57 Broadway. Shares \$2 each, in lots to suit. Capital stock only \$1,000,000, based on property worth \$15,000,000 at a low estimate.

THE HOT SEASON.

IS HERE, and if you have not already decided where to go for your "outing," go at once to "Fort Griswold-on-the-Hudson," a first-class hotel, at moderate prices, opposite and two miles below New London, Conn. Nearly every one of their cottages are engaged. Every convenience the heart could wish. No mosquitoes; low temperature; and no glare from the sand, as at many places. We have tried it, and know that all visitors will be pleased.—*New York Correspondence.*

A YOUNG MAN'S LUCK.

MR. F. V. WASSERMAN, receiving teller of the United States National Bank, of this city, who held one-tenth of ticket No. 52749, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery's drawing on the 14th ult., continues at his old post counting the gold and silver of would-be depositors. He remarked to a reporter that he did not like to have his good fortune talked all over the country, but that it would be unjust to the company to deny receiving the money. "Yes," said he, "I received the money through the express office, and it made a package about two feet long." When the money came, Mr. Wasserman, who is of a modest turn of mind, made the expressmen promise to say nothing about it; but thirty thousand dollars was too big a sum to be kept in the dark, and before night it was known at all the banks and had soon spread all over town. He has drawn small prizes previous to this, but the last haul was the best.—*Omaha (Neb.) Bee*, July 3d.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

TAYLOR'S CATARRH CURE is sold under a guarantee that, if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten-days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamp for pamphlet. It is sure, safe, pleasant. Our readers can rely upon this.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA.

THEN WHY NOT TRY WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE, CARACAS CHOCOLATE, BREAKFAST COCOA, and other preparations. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Chocolate Manufacturers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Queen Titania's Book of Fairy Tales.

314 Pages, and over 200 Illustrations, all bound in an Elegant Illuminated Cover.

This favorite with the young embraces some of the brightest Fairy Tales written in our times, with many of those that children never tire of reading, when told, as here, interestingly.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

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Eighty Pages Octavo, and Twenty to Twenty-five Engravings.

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Price 15 cents. Annual subscription, \$1.75, postpaid. Sold by all Newsdealers.

Send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

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BABY'S SKIN & SCALP CLEANSED PURIFIED AND BEAUTIFIED BY CUTICURA.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.



SICK HEADACHE.

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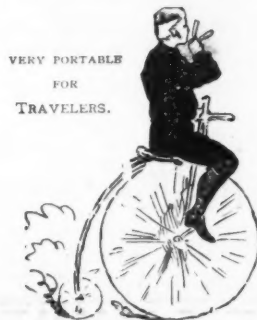
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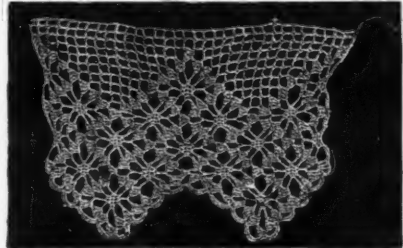
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